

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume V. }

No. 1554. — March 21, 1874.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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## DAWNLIGHT ON THE SEA.

WHEN I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;

Sleep fetters still the brown wings of the lark;

The wind blows pure and cold, for day is waking,

But stars are scattered still about the dark.

With open lattice, looking out and praying,

Ere yet the toil and trouble must be faced,

I see a silvery glimmer straying, straying,  
To where the faint grey sky-line can be traced.

I see it slowly deepen, broaden, brighten,

With soft snow-fringes sweeping to the land,—

The sheeny distance clear and gleam and whiten—

The cool cliff-shadows sharpen on the sand.

Some other sea the sunlight is adorning,

But mine is fair 'neath waning stars and moon.

O friendly face!—O smile that comes at morning,

To shine through all the frowns that come at noon!

A beautiful wet opal—pale tints filling

A thousand shifting shallows—day at length.

The sweet, salt breeze, like richest wine, is thrilling

My drowsy heart and brain with life and strength.

I hear the voice of waters—strong waves dashing

Their white crests on the brown weed-sprinkled sod;

I hear the soft, continuous, measured plashing—

The pulse that vibrates from the heart of God;—

The long wash of the tide upon the shingle,

The rippling ebb of breakers on the shore,  
Wherewith my prayers are fain to blend and mingle—

Whereto I set my dreams for evermore.

I hear the lap and swirl, I hear the thunder

In the dark grotto where the children play,—

Where walls to keep the sea and cave asunder,  
And frail shell towers, were reared but yesterday.

The flood has filled my soul, and it is sweeping  
My foolish stones and pebbles out to sea.

And floating in strange riches for my keeping,—

O friend—O God—I owe my best to thee!

The best of every day, its peace and beauty,

From thy mysterious treasure-house is drawn;

Thou teachest me the grace of life and duty

When we two talk together in the dawn.

Sunday Magazine.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

## DEAD DAYS.

I CANNOT let lost life with lost years go—

I must look back to what I used to know,

And looking weep;

I must remember that my double life

Of happiness is now a single strife,

And that you sleep

All through the longest days of summer glow,

And through the longest nights of winter snow.

Love played with us in childhood, and it came  
Along with us in after days the same,

With joy and rest;

The pleasant months grew into changing  
years,

And changing pleasures chided little fears

From our sweet nest:

I must remember that my whole life grew

In fairer, purer ways, because of you.

I cannot help my heart, my tears must flow,  
And though the sun is on me, I must know

A day that died;

The frightened clock ran down—oh, bitter  
spite!—

From twelve at noon to twelve o'clock at  
night;

And fever-eyed,

I live in body, but my heart is dead,  
Like a dry leaf upon a spider's thread.

My Dorothy, the days shall dawn again,  
And purity shall come because of pain—

The hours shall rise:

Old tears shall be prophetic of the true,  
And clouds of white shall float beneath the  
blue;

And your brown eyes

Shall open on me for our long love's sake,

And under your sweet gaze I shall awake.

Cassell's Magazine.

GUY ROSLYN.

From The Quarterly Review.  
WINCKELMANN.\*

THE book at the head of this article will well repay perusal. Though Winckelmann exercised an electrical influence in his day, and attained an European celebrity, inspiring contemporaries with a new conception of Art, and kindling their imaginations by a flashing revelation of the Antique, these volumes first give us a real life of him. Full justice has been done to the virgin subject thus taken in hand. Dr. Justi has performed his part with discriminating love and an exhaustive research which has made his composition more than a mere biography: it is an encyclopædic history of whatever can in any way bear upon or illustrate the influence of Winckelmann's individual action. We tender our warm acknowledgments for the indefatigable industry which has cleared every speck of haze from the memorable and dramatic career of an extraordinary man—a career bespeaking interest on many scores; at its outset painful, at its close deeply tragical, at various points marked by curious psychological features, and from first to last pre-eminently distinguished by indelible vigour in one particular pursuit.

In the sandy plain known as the Old March, which stretches with dreary flatness from Magdeburg to Hamburg, lies the dilapidated town of Stendal, with grass-grown streets and tumble-down houses, an image of desolation, though once a stately stronghold of those indomitable German colonists, who won this tract for their race from the Slaves, and monuments of whose vigour are yet visible in massive gate-towers and lofty church-steeple, rising like solemn ghosts of the past over the surrounding solitude and decay—monuments of striking character, but as removed from the forms of Classical architecture as is the monotonous landscape from the type of Greek scenery. In this grim phantom of rugged Mediæval existence John Joachim Winckelmann was born, December 9,

1711, and passed those earlier years during which the mind is apt to receive from surrounding objects the impressions that permanently influence after life. Nothing could be well humbler than the conditions of fortune which attended his birth. His father was a cobbler, of such scanty means, that the family dwelling consisted of a thatched hovel, with only one room for all domestic purposes. Poverty, in the full sense of the term, was the lot of Winckelmann's infancy, as dilapidation was the marked feature of all which the boy looked upon. Notwithstanding such eminently unfavourable conditions for development of intellectual ambition, he manifested an early desire to seek higher culture. The father had reckoned on his helping in the cobbling business, but the lad besought to be allowed to attend the town school, a foundation due to the liberality of former ages, where Latin was professedly taught. It was not a flourishing institution. The general decay pervading all Stendal life was also on this school; still, such as it was, a course of Latin and kindred subjects was given, and the young Winckelmann eagerly desired to have the benefit of admission thereto. His request was acceded to, and it is recorded how the parents, simple-minded and devout adherents of the reformed faith, comforted themselves with the thought that such learning could not fail to make their son a stout preacher of the Bible. Trifling as were the school expenses, they were yet more than the family means could afford, and the boy was therefore enrolled amongst the recognized charity scholars—they were called *Currendeschüler*—who received a few pence as choristers at funerals and church services, while as wandering minstrels they sought to pick up from charitably disposed townsmen some trifling additional alms wherewith to defray indispensable payments. This practice was not peculiar to Stendal. The *Currendeschüler* was a standing institution in Germany. Not a few distinguished men began life as such; and it is noteworthy that, besides Winckelmann, two other conspicuous promoters of classical studies

\* *Winckelmann, sein Leben, seine Werke und seine Zeitgenossen.* Von Carl Justi. 3 Volumes, Leipzig, 1866-72.

— Gessner and Heyne — owed their first instruction in Latin letters to doles they earned as wandering minstrels. Winckelmann attained such proficiency that he became præceptor of the band; but his progress was still more remarkable in other branches, notably in classics. The only lessons at which he showed inattention were those of divinity. "It was no uncommon occurrence," Rector Paalzow writes many years after, "for Herr Winckelmann during such lessons to occupy himself surreptitiously with making extracts from some ancient writer," a proceeding vainly visited "with due severity," for the orthodox old pedant adds with an almost audible groan, "that for all this there was no changing him therein:" and the fact had better be acknowledged at once, that by all instincts and sympathies of his nature Winckelmann was, and ever remained, a pagan in sentiment — one to whom associations connected with Olympus and Parnassus were more familiar than those connected with Sinai and Calvary.

In this manner, however, the boy contrived to acquire a quite amazing amount of knowledge, when the very elementary character of the teaching is considered. It is noteworthy how at this early period we find foreshadowed qualities eminently distinctive of the man. Already at school he was called the "Little Librarian," who carried in his head all the literature garnishing the Rector's shelves, while out of inconceivable economies he would contrive to scrape together money wherewith to buy himself some books. Throughout life his indefatigable faculty for accumulating knowledge was only equalled by his wonderful knack for saving out of miserably stinted means enough wherewith to purchase coveted volumes. A youth of such temperament needed a higher class of instruction, a fact recognized by the Rector, a worthy man, who generously assisted his promising pupil by introduction to a comparatively superior gymnasium in the neighbouring town of Salzwedel. Here Winckelmann pursued his studies under guidance of one who was a thorough specimen of the dry pedagogue. In return for board and

lodging, Winckelmann gave private instruction, and so contrived to continue his schooling until his nineteenth year, when definite plans for life became urgent. Winckelmann was painfully conscious of never having yet done more than knock at the outer gates of classical lore. To penetrate into the inner sanctum would need an University course, and in the way of obtaining this there were grave obstacles. In the first place, Winckelmann was divided in his mind as to the faculty he should enter. He knew that those he revered expected him to embrace theology, and the thought brought little comfort to his mind. He himself inclined at this period towards medicine, as the most likely study to prove remunerative; but the sense of dutifulness towards his parents, at all times strong in Winckelmann, got the upper hand, and he matriculated as a student of divinity at Halle, which, under the spirit of criticism originally quickened by Thomasius, was then the most renowned school in Germany for Protestant theology and kindred branches of learning. But this influence, while elevating, also narrowed the spirit of this University, confining excellence to particular subjects not the most congenial to Winckelmann's tastes, while his cherished classics were but poorly cultivated. Winckelmann perceived that he would not gain in the lecture-halls that flood of light he was in quest of. He soon ceased to be regular at lectures — those of divinity he was indeed compelled to attend, but it was with a wandering mind — and he sought to slake his thirst for classical reading by private study in the public libraries, pursued with a passionate ardour which made him an object of observation. Notices by contemporaries of Winckelmann during his two years' University attendance, show his life to have been still of the same penury as previously. From a pauper schoolboy he had become a pauper student, the only difference being that whereas he had been a *Currendeschüler* he now was a *Famulus*, the recognized German University fag, who did themes and exercises for wealthier and idler students in return for



book-loans and occasional free tickets to students' messes.

It deserves to be noted that notwithstanding his insatiable love of study, Winckelmann had nothing of the prig about him. The man whose whole nature brightened joyously at contemplation of the beauty in classical form, and who revelled with keen enjoyment in the glowing charms of southern landscape, necessarily entertained a genuine relish for social pleasures and sprightly conversation. He possessed eminent powers of animated talk. His numerous letters attest at once his urgent need for active intercourse and the copious flow of his thoughts. They are genial, and animated, and chatty, full of matter that wells forth unaffectedly like a gushing stream, charming and spontaneous effusions of a teeming mind and of a soul brimming over with buoyant sentiment. The enduring proneness through life to contract and keep up ardent, even passionate, friendships was also a characteristic feature in him. What love is to some, a passion irresistibly awakened by contact with a graceful woman, that male friendship was to Winckelmann. His correspondence is couched in tones of exuberant affection — of a soul that hangs dotingly on the bosom of a confidant and rejoices in the sense of unreserved effusion, without yet becoming sentimental in expression. There was indeed no shred of sentimentalism about him, and the natural accent of his epistolary outpourings is in striking contrast to the unreal tone of a certain school of letter writers then considerably in vogue. This point stands in close relation to the essence of his mind and tastes. Warm at heart, and susceptible of keen pleasure, his nature was yet cast in a severe and an abstemious type. Throughout his system there ran an antique fibre — a fibre of antique thought and antique sentiment that partook in several respects of the Stoic element. Abounding in male friends, ecstatic and enduring in his attachment to them, Winckelmann never entertained for any woman a passion which laid hold of him. There is no trace of a real love passage in his life, though,

from some allusions in letters from Rome, it may be inferred that while living in the free society of artists, and amidst varied objects of beauty, as well in the flesh as of marble, he may occasionally have shown himself for moments not quite insensible to the physical charms of some persons of the other sex. But a genuine fit of healthy passionate fondness for, or even confirmed flirtation with, a woman, unless exception be made for his relations towards the wife of Raphael Mengs, to which we shall allude hereafter — such a fit as will for a while control and make a man the slave of fascination — does not occur in the life of Winckelmann. It is essential to understand this peculiarity of temperament in the otherwise inflammable nature of this warm-hearted man. The Damon and Pythias' vein, the conception of Platonic intimacy, was prominent in his nature, even unto becoming a *cultus*. He said himself that the friendship of his conceptions was not "that which Christians were told to practice, but the one revealed only in some few everlasting examples of the antique world," a friendship involving "absolute repudiation of all selfishness." On another occasion he repeats this idea yet more clearly, making it a specific charge that "private friendship, far from having temporal and eternal rewards set on it, is not even once mentioned by name in the New Testament." These utterances date indeed from a later period, but they are not out of place here, for they express a sentiment springing from the inner essence which moulded his personal relations throughout life.

Such then was Winckelmann the student, a pleasant messmate and cheerful companion, who often appeared at the ordinary with Aristophanes or Cicero under his arm, and yet, in his frugal fashion, contributed to the mirth of the gathering, and keenly enjoyed conversation, particularly if it turned on travel into foreign parts. Two circumstances are recorded of this period which deserve to be noticed as very characteristic. The one is Winckelmann's singular self-denial. There is no record of his having ever at any period of his life fallen into debt, not-

withstanding the often painful penury of his circumstances. The other is the marked longing shown by him for travel into a foreign world in which existed those objects on which his imagination ran. On two occasions Winckelmann did impatiently set out on journeys, in the character of a begging student, with his letters of matriculation as vouchers in his appeals to the charitably disposed for a night's lodging and board: once to Hamburg, under the irresistible desire at least to look at, and in some sense handle, a celebrated collection of classical books advertised for public auction; and another time to Dresden, under the then Elector a capital of splendid pageantry and renowned art-treasures, the yearning to gaze on which he could not withstand. Zealous as Winckelmann had been in his own way, that way had not been in the prescribed academical groove, and at the end of his two years' term he received the merest pass certificate. He neither ventured on the customary public disputations nor did he graduate; and his sole University diploma, which he kept to the end of his life as a curiosity, was a testimonial from the Theological Faculty, attesting that Winckelmann had attended lectures, and expressing a hope "that he may have reaped some fruit from them," though, it was significantly remarked, that it had not been possible to "learn anything conclusive as to the actual condition of his mind." But though thus arrived at the close of his academical career with but a poor testimonial of qualification, Winckelmann had contrived to establish a reputation which now did him service. The Chancellor of the University, Ludwig, was owner of a considerable library, which was in disorder, and he engaged to catalogue it the ardent though desultory student, of whose insatiable voracity for reading he had heard. Winckelmann afterwards spoke of the six months spent in this service as wasted time, but it would seem that the Chancellor's recommendation helped him to get a place as private tutor, whereby he was enabled to visit the University of Jena, and qualify himself for a course of life certainly more in accordance with his natural disposition than the duties of the pulpit.

After a stay at Jena, which on the score of diplomas was as little productive of results as the Halle residence, and a course of tuition in a family, resulting in a violent affection for his pupil, Winckelmann obtained, in 1743, the place of *Con-*

*rector* or second master at the grammar-school in the town of Seehausen, in the Old March. His salary was only 120 thalers (about 20*l.*). During five wearisome years he continued helplessly tied down to the thankless drudgery of having to din some elementary instruction into the brains of a few Seehausen lads. The reader has been told what kind of place Stendal was. Seehausen was a second Stendal, a forlorn and dilapidated hamlet, with some not unpicturesque vestiges of former stateliness, but then shrunk into the dimensions of a mere village with only two hundred and fifty inhabited dwellings, the inmates of which were sturdy Low German yeomen, whose minds were engrossed with thoughts about crops and the farmyard. A more thoroughly disheartening residence it is impossible to conceive for an ardent lover of Greek letters. The tone of the Seehausen notabilities in religious matters was that of undoubting Protestant orthodoxy. Winckelmann had shown himself most ready to conform to all observances, "taking the communion with his colleagues as often as he was asked to do so," but still he had not succeeded in escaping grave suspicion. The frightful discovery had been made that on Sundays he carried into church a Homer instead of the Lutheran prayer-book, for which grievous offence he was reprimanded "with all spiritual fervour." This Winckelmann would have borne meekly, but his very soul was exasperated that the Rector ventured to carry his religious indignation so far as to cast doubts, not merely on his orthodoxy, but even on the correctness of his Latin. Winckelmann could not brook this insinuation, and it whetted his eager desire for finding perforce some means of escape from an intolerable slavery. To this end he strove now to intensify his economy, and subjected himself to a course of asceticism worthy of a Trappist. Bound during the day to drill his classes, Winckelmann devoted the night to the reading of his favourite authors. It is recorded that for one whole winter he never gave himself more than four hours' rest in an arm-chair before his writing-table and without even a fire, his only protection against cold being an old fur cloak. At four he would light again his lamp to study till six, when he had to repair to the schoolhouse. It was not merely the love of study which induced Winckelmann to adopt this severe system; he was actuated also with the idea that to harden his body was indispensa-

ble for emancipation from his present circumstances. His mind was afire with plans for realizing his ardent desire to look on the actual configuration of the southern world; and while chained to a Seehausen class-room his imagination ran on wanderings to the Pyramids with a body trained to extreme abstemiousness, an oaken staff, and a Herodotus as the whole outfit for the expedition. The very irritation at his circumstances gave a morbid stimulant to his fancies, for his letters at this period exhibit a hardly intelligible feverishness of wild scheming. It is also extraordinary to note how varied and well-nigh omnivorous was his study at this time. There is preserved a number of scrap-books filled with extracts, and nothing can convey a livelier sense of Winckelmann's enormous diligence in the acquisition of knowledge than the laborious transcripts in these note-books. We find sections of early German history written out in careful detail, followed by pages from French and English authors, with numerous extracts from the Leipzig "Learned Transactions," then the chief organ for literary announcements. Winckelmann devoted no ordinary labour to the acquisition of foreign languages, especially of English and Italian; whereas French literature had little attraction for him.

Schemes of distant travel were, however, only the dreams of fevered moments, and what he really had to hope for was a transfer to some less distasteful locality. In vain he offered himself for every vacancy he could hear of; it was only to encounter failure, aggravated at times by humiliation. Family grief came in addition to these repeated disappointments. In March 1747 he lost his aged mother, to whom he was dotingly attached, and so between aggravated official worries, sadness of heart at bereavement, and general despondency at failure in every effort to procure some improvement in his position, things had got to a plight which drove him to exclaim in a confidential letter, "I am now resolved as soon as possible to decamp from here." At this conjuncture, just as he was ready to rush into some reckless, and possibly irretrievable, resolution, a beam of comforting light shot most unexpectedly through the black bank of clouds that seemed to be closing with impenetrable denseness around the horizon of his existence.

In the summer of 1748, Winckelmann met by accident a young graduate, who

had just given up the post of amanuensis to Count Bünaü, owner of a private library that had no parallel in Germany. Winckelmann listened intently to the young man's account of the life he had just quitted, and was seized with longing to become his successor. Under the impulse of "desperation," as he afterwards acknowledged, Winckelmann sat down, and, without introduction or testimonial, wrote to Count Bünaü offering his services. "Oh employ me in whatever manner it may please you," are the terms of entreaty in which he presented his petition. "Most readily will I devote myself absolutely to your Excellency's service; only place me in a corner of your library to copy out curious anecdotes." Henry, Count Bünaü, to whom the appeal was addressed, was a remarkable man, in many respects. He was a scion of an old noble family of Saxony, and had himself acquired eminence as a statesman in the political fortunes of his country. Eclipsed in the favour of his frivolous sovereign by the more supple and less scrupulous Brühl, he had withdrawn to the retreat of his ancestral château, at Nöthenitz, where he became engrossed in literary pursuits and the composition of an exhaustive "History of the German Empire." He was no superficial student. At a period when historians were wont to look seldom below the surface of things, and to take readily their material at secondhand, Count Bünaü made it the special object of his conscientious research to marshal original sources and sift the substance of original authorities. He had in his mind a conception, that has become familiar to the present age, of the indispensable necessity to have as a foundation for true history a critical collection of records. What has since been done in Germany, under the direction of Pertz, floated already before Bünaü's mind—namely, a careful edition of early chronicles and documentary evidence. To this purpose he devoted an amount of industry which justly elicited the admiration of contemporaries (Lessing said that he only needed the one faculty of being able to extend time indefinitely), and he collected at Nöthenitz a library of such extent, that he kept actively employed three assistants in copying the materials out of which he was to compile his great publication. To this stern student and great nobleman—bearer of an historical name enhanced by personal distinction, a magnate of high lineage, and a renowned statesman

who had withdrawn from the giddy eddies of court intrigue to the proud seclusion of his splendid domain and self-made library—the son of the Stendal cobbler addressed himself point-blank in the terms of impetuous supplication we have seen. He fervently told the whole story of his life—his yearning from childhood for literature, his strenuous efforts resulting only in reiterated disappointments and a wretched position—and then, after a painful recapitulation of baffled hopes, unconsciously burst into words (which can hardly have failed to strike so observant a judge as Büнау), characterized with that indelible self-confidence inherent in superior minds. “Still I could become of use to the future of the world,” he exclaimed, “if only I were somehow dragged out of my obscurity, and could find employment in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.” In his reply Büнау expressed himself not absolutely disinclined to entertain the application, as he had enough work to occupy an additional amanuensis; but he asked for testimonials, and then considerably warned Winckelmann of the risk incurred by the exchange of a permanent appointment, however humble, for one which must be dependent on another’s life. On receipt of this letter Winckelmann was beside himself with joy. Entirely overlooking the fact that it contained no pledge, that all it conveyed was a demand for testimonials, with characteristic impulsiveness he considered himself assured of nomination, and actually resigned off-hand his teacher’s place. Happily these sanguine anticipations were not falsified. After a short interval Büнау wrote expressing readiness to receive him at Nöthenitz, on trial for a year; and in September 1748, Winckelmann proceeded thither to continue for six years a member of the Count’s household.

The entry into Büнау’s service constitutes an epoch in Winckelmann’s life. He was now upwards of thirty years of age. Till then he had vegetated in a soil every fibre of which was uncongenial to his nature, and it is a marvel that the elasticity of his intellectual constitution had not been crushed out. At last he was transplanted into a world such as he had been longing for—a world of high culture and intellectual atmosphere, combined with the presence of objects to gratify the taste for art. In considering the moral effect on Winckelmann’s mind of this removal, it is necessary to have a clear idea of how marked was at that

time the contrast between the public aspect of things in Prussia and Saxony. The latter was pervaded by a conspicuous spirit of lavish splendour, manifested in gorgeous Court revels and costly displays, and combined with a general geniality of temperament; while throughout Prussia there prevailed a positively relentless spirit of parsimony, and an administrative system that was one sheet of rigid compulsion, enforced by the switch of the drill-sergeant. To get out of Prussia into Saxony was for Winckelmann what for many has been the getting out of Russia—escape from a land of tyranny and serfage. Though born and bred in Prussia, Winckelmann’s detestation of it amounted to frenzy. He called it “the land of despotism.” “My skin shivers from head to foot,” he writes once from Rome, “when I think of Prussian despotism, and of that flayer of mankind, who will continue to be an object of universal detestation, and to blast with an eternal curse the country already blighted by nature, covered with a Libyan sand. *Meglio farsi Turco circonciso che Prussiano.*” And on another occasion he says, “My country is Saxony; I recognize no other, and there is not one drop of Prussian blood in me.”

This rabid repudiation of his own specific place of birth is the more curious, as coming from one who in a remarkable degree felt the patriotic sentiment. It has been often noticed that earlier German classics evince a want of national feeling. Winckelmann is most certainly not open to the reproach. While his tastes and studies were in the direction of objects far removed from the interests of the age he lived in, we find Winckelmann always giving expression to a strong German feeling. Over and over again the word “*patriot*” recurs emphatically in his correspondence in reference to pending political events, and it is never applied otherwise than in a decidedly national sense. There is, indeed, one circumstance narrated, quite touching in its indication of the strong love of olden home-associations, which to the last kept its hold on Winckelmann. When domiciled in his self-chosen Roman country, a voluntary alien to the land and the faith of his birth—himself become an Abate—clothed in rustling robes of silk, the domestic familiar of a Prince Cardinal, amidst the soft warblings of southern notes, and the luxurious enjoyment of all the pleasures his heart most delighted in, Winckelmann would

in the early summer morning solace himself on the terraced roof of the joyous Albani Villa with reading — not in Aristophanes, nor in Cicero, nor yet in light Italian verse — but in the well-thumbed copy of the old Lutheran hymn-book, out of which, as a Currendeschüler, he sang in Stendal. The fact is one well to remember, if we would know what sort of a man this Winckelmann really was; for there is something inexpressibly affecting in this echo of Teutonic sentiment vibrating poignantly to the heart of the expatriated cobbler's son, athwart the folds of sybaritic existence, in the melody of a rugged hymn that breathed overpowering sweetness, because associated with the recollection of having first heard it when rocked far away on his parents' knees in the sand plains of the Old March. The man who under such peculiar circumstances of life could retain such genuine affection for the associations of his early and dreary existence, however he might profess to be an apostate, never could become a renegade to his kith and kin. This strong German vein manifested itself in a not less characteristic sentiment of instinctive dislike of the French. "Amidst other things I praise God for, is also this, that I am a German and not a Frenchman," he writes from Rome. He detected the literary conceit which disfigured the genius of that nation, and it is quite remarkable to what a degree he carried his antipathy. This sentiment, no doubt, had much to do with a milder view he took in later years of Frederick the Great. During the occupation of Saxony and the catastrophe of its Royal House, Winckelmann's indignation at the success of "the flayer of nations" grew to white-heat. But when peace saw his patrons back again in Dresden, and subsequently the Prussian freebooter came out in the character of a commander, who thrashed foreign armies gloriously, and notably the legions of swaggering France, Winckelmann's heart could not restrain the quick beats of delight at the tidings of great national victories. Indeed he became so appeased that for a time he seriously entertained a proposal that would have made him exchange as his permanent residence Rome for Berlin. It is of no substantive importance what Winckelmann's political feelings were; his fame for posterity rests intertwined with antiquarian labours. But psychologically for comprehension of what he was in the flesh — of the wide and lively sympathies embodied in his nature — it is

well to note how little antiquarian studies warped away his sympathies from contemporary occurrences, and how, in this fact, resides, no doubt, in great degree the secret of that fascinating influence which Winckelmann's conversation is acknowledged to have exercised on those with whom he came into personal contact.

Nöthenitz was not above an hour's walk from Dresden, offering every facility for enjoying the many advantages of that city, while proximity to the capital brought thither a continued flow of visitors. The notices of Winckelmann's life during the first years of his stay are meagre, but there are enough traces of his activity as a copyist to show that he had no idle time of it. He was set to compile a division of the Count's library catalogue, and as if an evil fortune would pursue him, the division assigned him was that of books connected with Church History, and particularly the lives of saints and martyrs. That was not however his whole occupation. Note-books made at this period show with what assiduous industry he sought to profit by the varied stores in this great library. Subjects the most foreign to his favourite classics, as for instance, early German chroniclers, and the origin of Feudal and Imperial rights, occupied his attention, while he besides made copious extracts from an astounding number of English and Italian writers. We find him studying Burnet, Clarendon, and Shaftesbury, — the latter was evidently a favourite, — while one volume is wholly filled with manuscript transcripts from English poets. This volume really constitutes an anthology from writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne period. Milton (whom Winckelmann admired greatly), Butler, Pope, Waller, Cowley, Congreve, Addison, and Thomson, are all laid under contribution. Nor is Shakespeare omitted, though Dr. Just has observed that the extracts could all have been found in quotations, so that the evidence is faulty as to his ever having read the text. This wide range of study, branching out into fields the most remote from classical associations, is particularly curious as having been pursued at the very period that immediately preceded his taking a capital step, to which he was solely actuated by the irrepressible determination to secure access — no matter through what means — into the longed-for Elysian fields situate for him on the other side of the Alps.

The chief interest of this Nöthenitz



period concentrates itself in the circumstances that led Winckelmann to determine on making a profession of the Romish faith. On this head much mystery prevailed at the time, resulting in not a few incorrect statements. Contemporaries at a loss for precise data had recourse to guesses. A prevalent story was, that having been employed by Bünaui to buy books in Italy, Winckelmann had fallen under the influence of Italian blandishments, according to some, or had become affected by the reading of Greek Fathers, according to others. Goethe was nearer the truth in his indication of personal agencies that had been at work, though he was wrong in charging Bünaui with having shown selfish indifference to Winckelmann's wants. There is no foundation for the assumption that Bünaui's conduct had anything to do with Winckelmann's resolution. The whole process of his conversion is now unrolled before us in uncomfortable detail. Never was a change of religion made with so absolute an absence of religious fervour. Henry IV., when he ventured on what he called his perilous leap, was a paragon of fervour in comparison with Winckelmann. Desperate impulsiveness prompted the step which landed him in the Bünaui circle; but the step which removed him out of it was exclusively the result of deliberate calculation. He had come to the conclusion that to attain the cardinal object of his life—a protracted visit to the land teeming with classical associations and the choicest specimens of ancient art—it was indispensable, in his pecuniary position, to secure the assistance and abiding favour of certain powerful interests; and these he had satisfied himself he could not insure more certainly than by making a profession of the Roman Catholic belief.

Already during the second year of his residence at Nöthenitz, Winckelmann showed signs of inward restlessness, and revolved how to make his present situation a stepping-stone towards the goal upon which his eyes were ever intently fixed. There was much in the atmosphere of Dresden life to inflame a mind already disposed to ruminate on Italy. The tone of society resembled that which prevailed in this country under James II., one of frivolity combined with religious professions. The country was Protestant, but the dynasty was Catholic; and its gay members readily compounded for a career of dissipation by promoting the stealthy operations of proselytism.

Italians were special favourites at Court, for they were at once skilled in the arts of diversion and adepts in the service of the true Church. An individual of very high influence was the Court physician, Bianconi; so was likewise the Elector's Jesuit confessor, Leo Rauch, by birth a German, but an Italian by education; and particularly the Papal Nuncio, Count Archinto, who seems to have been admirably qualified to play the courtier, the diplomatist, and the churchman; a man of pleasure, who kept a mistress, and yet a priest who was a first-rate hand at angling for converts. It was this wily Roman ecclesiastic who performed the chief part in the drama of Winckelmann's change of faith. On the occasion of a visit to Nöthenitz, the Nuncio is related to have been shown over the library by Winckelmann. The shrewd Italian noticed the intelligence of his *cicerone*, and an acquaintance sprang up that was not allowed to drop. In a letter of March 1752, Winckelmann hints at some negotiations with the Nuncio, which promise to secure him an improved position. But the Nuncio, though always most affable, never would enter into specific engagements, confining himself to merely vague though encouraging declarations. Suddenly it reached Winckelmann's ears that a report of his intended apostasy was abroad; and he was seized with terror lest Bünaui should hear of it. He accordingly sat down and wrote a truly painful letter to the young Count's tutor, one Berendis, who was one of his confidential intimates. He authorized Berendis to contradict the report emphatically, and yet with the inconsistency of a flurried mind virtually admitted that he was hanging back only because he would insist on satisfactory preliminary conditions. In reply, Berendis tendered truly friendly advice; he urged that whatever Winckelmann might resolve to do, he should act openly towards Bünaui. The advice so given was followed, though the effort cost much pain, for Winckelmann nervously dreaded the manner in which his patron would receive the communication. He announced that he had entered upon negotiations with the view of becoming for a year or two librarian to Cardinal Passionei, as great a book-collector as Bünaui, and a man of European reputation, for whom even Voltaire expressed his high respect. Bünaui was a strong Protestant, and, as an historian he showed decided bias against the Roman hierarchy. He bluntly stigmatized apostasy as



an act which branded a mark of shame into conscience. But uncompromising though his principles were, Büнау on this occasion again displayed the consideration that is inspired by knowledge of the world. Disregarding the little *suppressio veri* in the omission of all reference to the fundamental condition to profess Romanism, Büнау went straight to the point: The shrewd diplomatist at once laid his finger on the pith of the bargain. He warned Winckelmann not to act lightly, without having previously secured the *quid pro quo*. There can be little doubt that the statesman's caution made impression on the hovering neophyte. The decisive step was again adjourned several times, although the day had been fixed. Nor was Winckelmann satisfied when at last the Nuncio was induced to come to particulars. Pushed into a corner, the latter showed a paper containing an offer from Passionei to assign Winckelmann lodging and the paltry salary of 36 ducats a year. This disclosure operated like a shower-bath on his religious fervour; and a rupture seemed imminent, when the Jesuit confessor stepped forward with the assurance of an annual allowance of a hundred florins. It deserves to be recorded that this priest proved a true friend. Whatever motives may have actuated him, he never failed to be as good as his word to Winckelmann. Nevertheless, the decisive resolution still hung fire on various grounds. He was to have been received on June 1st, but once again he contrived "to evade the fatal step."

It is as if Winckelmann had been torn inwardly with distracted feelings, and that the final resolution was taken under the spur of a chance impulse. There is a story, resting on the authority of a statement purporting to have come from Winckelmann himself, that what determined him was the fact of his happening to hear himself pointedly alluded to from a Protestant pulpit "as a stray sheep," to be held up to reprobation. An account of his actual reception into the Church is given in a letter to his dear friend Berendis, written immediately after the event. It furnishes so vivid a narrative of the painful struggles he went through, and the circumstances connected with his resolution, and is so curious from the ingenuousness of its admissions, that, though it travels over ground already trodden, we here subjoin a long extract. Let the reader especially bear

in mind that this letter was written very few days after the solemnity:—

UNIQUE FRIEND AND BROTHER,—"When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long." Psalm xxxii. 3. Brother mine, I have, alas! made the fatal step I avoided with difficulty a year ago. Oh, friend, hear me and weigh my grounds. My health is not to be helped but by change. Here all mental recreation fails me, and loneliness becomes bearable but through uninterrupted work. . . . No happiness is before me (think well on this), no retreat is any more open. I sought to drag on the matter. After Easter I went to the Nuncio, as he was reported to be on the point of departure, to take leave and recommend myself to his good recollections. It was more than a year since I had seen him. He overcame me with his unexpected affability; he almost embraced me, and I am at a loss whence he got of me so high an opinion, as I could not expect from the Father Confessor. "My dear Winckelmann," said he, while continually squeezing my hand, "follow me; come with me; you shall see I am an honest man who does more than he promises. I will make your fortune in a way you have no conception of." All this made no impression. I said I had a friend I could not leave. . . . A whole month elapsed, during which I revolved within myself in indescribable disquietude. . . . When, at last, I saw that there was nothing for me to hope in the future, then I took my resolution, and, through the Confessor, informed the Nuncio that I was ready to make my profession secretly into the Nuncio's hands, but not to go away before having completed my work here. The joy of the Nuncio at this first conquest during his Nuntiature, perhaps in his life, was intense, and the act was performed in his chapel, where he appeared in *Pontificalibus* with two of his priests, and with the assistance of the Confessor. I afterwards entered his closet with the Confessor, where the Nuncio reiterated his assurances, with the declaration "I shall inform their Majesties the King and Queen, and you Reverend Father will ask of the King the money for his journey when he is able to come. You are personally known to the Electoral Prince," he said to me, "and can reckon on the protection and help of the Royal Family. I will again strongly recommend you, and, as I have to depart, you Reverend Father must look after his health." . . . That Father was desirous to administer to me the Sacrament, but was prevented by his having to leave next morning, and so this was done *privatim* on the 8th. . . . *Allea jacta est*; nothing more can now be done.

And then comes a postscript, with this astounding ejaculation from a neophyte, but which is painfully illustrative, in the unveiled crudity of its expression, as to the inner workings of the mind:—

By our sacred and everlasting friendship, brother mine, I here solemnly affirm, that if only I knew of some other way I now still would take it. For what do I care for the Court, and these scoundrelly (hundsöttische) Priests?

These words, as written at that particular moment, may well shock. Yet in their coarseness, they are the forcible expression of such a paroxysm of inward uprising as momentarily overcomes control. At no time did Winckelmann trade in hypocritical masquerade, but his nature was too refined to indulge habitually in coarseness. There is another utterance of his from a later date which, in the withering simplicity of its confession, has something overwhelmingly tragical:—"At no time have I let the word expire on my lip; truth has ever been in all matters my device;" and then, with the low hushed tone of conscience speaking to itself, he added, "*except in one point—Religion.*"

The immediate consequence of Winckelmann's profession was a change of residence to Dresden. The final parting from Bünaу was painful, though it did not involve a rupture. Bünaу's feelings were those of commiseration, while Winckelmann retained grateful affection for the "protector, benefactor, and friend, who, on my own application, plucked me out of darkness without having any knowledge of me." He used to write to him from Rome, and mourned Bünaу's premature death with heartfelt grief. It was due to no failure on the part of his Catholic friends that Winckelmann's departure for Rome was postponed for a year. He was desirous of completing in Dresden the publication of a book on which he was engaged, and which, as his first literary effort, constitutes a singular instance of late development notwithstanding precocious genius and great mental activity. The "Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works" were inspired by a feeling of the inferiority of modern art. It was a protest against the principles of the Rococo style, at that period generally in fashion, and nowhere more so than at Dresden. In this respect the treatise was calculated to wound personal susceptibilities. But, in addition, it already contained the germ of Winckelmann's subsequent teachings, and the expression of his cardinal doctrine in *Æsthetics*, that the distinctive feature constituting the superlative excellence of Greek Art consisted in "the dignified and calm grandeur of attitude" in which its

works were moulded. Here already Winckelmann waged war against the contortions and distortions of the Bernini school, then so much in vogue. Notwithstanding the pronounced taste of the Court for the bagwig style of Art, this book was received with marked favour, and produced considerable sensation. The Father Confessor took it under his especial countenance, and obtained the Sovereign's permission to have it dedicated to him. "This fish shall get to swim in his proper water," was the King's gracious expression, and Winckelmann saw himself a popular author, and a man publicly countenanced by high protection.

It was September 24th, 1755, that Winckelmann at last set out on the pilgrimage he had so long yearned to be able to perform. His stay in Rome was to be of two years' duration, for which term he had assurance of an allowance out of the King's privy purse. Ultimately, the grant was extended over six years, though at a reduced scale, for during the last three years it amounted to only 100 instead of 200 Thalers. The distresses of a disastrous war then weighed heavily on the Saxon Court, or the interest of his ever staunch friend, the King's Confessor, would certainly have secured him an ampler provision. The fatherly care of this watchful Jesuit visibly hovered around Winckelmann throughout his progress towards the Holy City. We find him travelling in company with priests, and at various stages hospitably lodged at Jesuit houses. The road taken was through the Tyrol, by Verona, Venice, Bologna, and Ancona—the same Winckelmann travelled again on his last and fatal journey; and it is noteworthy how different were his feelings on the two occasions in regard to every object that met his eye. The votary who, after years of hope deferred, is now at last entering the garden of his soul's yearning, actually manifests no sensation of pleasure as he advances into Italy: on the contrary, all his expressions of delight are expended on the beauties of the northern world which he is leaving. The loveliness of Tyrolese scenery, the grandeur of its Alpine landscape, are the objects of his ecstasy. "On the whole journey the passage through Tyrol has been to me the most charming portion." . . . "I felt happier in a village at the bottom of a hollow, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, than ever in Italy." He inwardly vowed on his return to make a halt here

"to enjoy moments of delight." As he passed near Trent into an Italian population, he was disagreeably affected by the immediate appearance of "poverty and dirt." Even Venice could not fascinate. "The first glimpse," he admitted, "took by surprise, but admiration vanished very soon." The weather was raw, and he hastened away, without even having visited the Library of St. Mark. With Bologna he was somewhat better pleased, which was due to the kindly reception he encountered from the brother of the Dresden Court physician, Bianconi. But during the remainder of his journey he felt much out of humour at the dirt in the wayside inns, and the first view of the Roman Campagna produced only the depressing impression of "a veritable desert." In this anything but cheerful frame of mind Winckelmann entered the Eternal City through the Porta del Popolo on November 18th, and took up his quarters in one of the many lodging-houses frequented by strangers in the Pincian region. Even Rome seems for some time not to have been able to awaken a cheerful temper. In his first letters he grumbles at countless discomforts — eating is very dear, and of "swinish quality;" the noise in the streets at night so intense as to prevent sleep. (It is well to remind the reader that at this time the Piazza di Spagna and neighbourhood constituted a sanctuary under the ex-territorial privileges of the Spanish Embassy, an Alsatia swarming with bad characters, who defied with impunity the Pope's Sbirri on the watch in the adjoining streets.) But after some weeks Winckelmann's tone shows symptoms of acclimatization. In May already he gives expression to the hackneyed sentiment that "the longer one knows Rome the more one grows to like it." He now recognizes the delightful fact of his having got into the atmosphere of a congenial existence — of his actually moving in a world of Art, where, free from the social conventionalities to which he had hitherto been tied, he could indulge in the character of an Artist, and live in unrestricted intercourse with men wholly given up to either the study or the practice of Art.

The foremost intimacy struck up by Winckelmann in Rome was with Raphael Mengs, then only twenty-seven years of age, but already an artist of European reputation, on whom exceptional honours had been conferred, the Academy of St. Luke having elected him one of its body. The circumstances which led to Mengs'

presence in Rome illustrate well the singular estimation in which he was held. Having as a mere lad attracted the notice of King Augustus III., he had been named Court painter, and when the Catholic Court Chapel in Dresden was being constructed, he received an order to paint the altar-piece. This Mengs affirmed he could do only at his leisure in Rome, where, accordingly, he was allowed to take up his residence for many years. He had an artist's fondness for display and magnificence, and was fortunate enough to be able to indulge these likings. He was a petted favourite with Royal personages and the recognized prince of contemporary painters, maintaining an ample establishment, and living upon a footing of equality with the magnates of society. The pride of art — the punctilious sense of what was due to the intellectual excellence of his calling — was strong in Mengs, even to arrogance, and he keenly resented the slightest fancied disrespect to his claims. At the same time, he was not a mere conceited worldling, who valued the relations of life solely by the standard of selfish advantage. In the streets of Rome his eye was caught by the beauty of a young girl at a time when he was engaged in sketching the head of a Virgin. "*Ecco la Madonna che tanto cerco!*" was his exclamation; and, attended by her mother, the girl sat to him. Her name was Margherita Guazzi, a beauty of the people, such as are not unfrequently met with in Rome, and furnish models for painters — splendid types of animal beauty and passionate natures in the rough. There is little culture in these creatures, and Margherita was no exception, for she never learned to read or write. Nevertheless, the fashionable artist not only made her his wife (which was nothing out of the way, for similar ties have repeatedly been contracted by the most fastidious men), but the painter of His Spanish Majesty, who had a ship of war assigned for his transport when he travelled, who was lodged in the palace, and lived as a member of the Royal Household, compelled the stubborn rigidity of Spanish etiquette to recognize this unlettered Roman model as the legitimate partner of the King's Painter, and to admit her to all the privileges of his court rank. There is no instance of a more thorough bending of the knee by conventional grandeur in homage to talent than this triumph of Mengs over the pride of Spanish ceremonial.

At the time of Winckelmann's arrival, Mengs was still engaged on the interminable altar-piece for the Dresden Court Chapel. It might have been thought unlikely that these two men could have contracted a violent friendship for each other. Winckelmann was boiling over with enthusiasm and passion; while the fastidiously methodical and punctiliously haughty Mengs was a lump of frigidity. The one was ever animated with the volcanic fire of intuitive genius; while the coldly eclectic nature of the other was in its intellectual actions solely moved by the unimpassioned mechanism of studied calculations. Yet one bond of affinity existed, which instinctively knit together these souls spun in so many different fibres. Each in his own method, and with widely different powers, had made the attainment of the same goal the object of his lifetime — namely, the understanding of the principles of classical Art. Mengs' pictures have long ceased to have attractions. The want of all individual character, the thinness and methodical frigidity of both composition and execution, have made them distasteful to our generation. But this type of academical lifelessness resulted from the artist's absorbing devotion to the strict imitation of classical prototypes. Winckelmann therefore found in Mengs the very complement he stood most in need of, namely, that acquaintance with the technical manipulations and exercises, without which no work of Art can be actually produced. In Mengs he met with one who with unrelaxing assiduity sought, in antagonism to the licence of the Rococo school, to revive the grave correctness of classical form in reproductions worked out with elaborate care. To us the result achieved seems indeed painfully meagre, the feeblest possible imitation of the mere externals of classical composition, colourless copyings of high-Art designs bearing stamped on their faces the marks of constitutional impotency in execution. To Winckelmann, however, the works of this imperfect imitator appeared as the productions of one who was the reviver of genuine Art principles. He calls him "a Phœnix rising out of the ashes of the first Raphael to teach the world what beauty in Art signifies;" and again he ventures ecstatically to affirm that the "essence of all recorded beauties in the *figures* of the ancients is to be found in the immortal works of Anton Raphael Mengs, court painter to the Kings of Spain and Poland, the greatest

artist of this and possibly of all times." It is true that Winckelmann's taste in painting was in many respects open to challenge. Nevertheless, his sense for beautiful forms always appreciated the excellence of Raphael; and already in Dresden he emphatically expressed intense admiration for the San Sisto Madonna, when the pre-eminent qualities of this painting were by no means generally admitted by critics.

Under these circumstances, an enthusiastic friendship was established between the two. "This acquaintance," writes Winckelmann, "is my greatest bliss," and he became all but an actual member of Mengs' establishment; the daily welcome guest at his well-appointed table, and his inseparable companion in peregrinations through galleries. "Many are the hours we spend together; he nourishes me with his knowledge, and, when he is tired, then I begin to expound my ideas." The correspondence soon affords evidence of the practical fruits of this perpetual exchange of mutual outpourings. Hardly more than a month after his coming to Rome, we find Winckelmann alluding to an important work on the anvil, much of which was already sketched, and for the execution whereof he greatly relied on the advantage of Mengs' counsel. Shortly after we hear that this great work is to be a treatise on the taste of Greek artists, and that the beginning had been made by a description of the statues in the Vatican Belvedere. "This labour absorbs me to such a degree, that I think of it wherever I go and wherever I am." But as day after day the marbles in this gallery were inquiringly scrutinized and discussed between Winckelmann and his "sole critic" Mengs, the scope of the work enlarged in his eager mind, until what originally had been conceived as a mere descriptive catalogue, an improvement on Richardson's "Guide to Roman Collections," ripened into the grand idea of a *History of Art*. Once conceived, the plan was strenuously pursued, and from this time almost every letter written by Winckelmann contains some allusion to the great task in which his heart and mind were henceforth engrossed. The true vein had been struck, and instantly recognized with the keenness of intuitive genius; nor did Winckelmann's mind ever allow itself to be seriously diverted from the vast field it had alighted upon. For a season he did indeed contemplate publication of a critical essay



on Modern Restorations of Antique Fragments, but after having completed the manuscript, he threw it aside as calculated to interfere with his great work. The spirit of this treatise may be gathered from the following characteristic reference to it in a letter :

I am vexed that from regard for some modern artists I should have conceded to them certain superiorities. The Moderns are donkeys by the side of the Ancients, whose finest works we have not got ; and Bernini is the greatest of modern donkeys, barring Frenchmen, to whom the palm in this manner has to be allotted. I tell thee *never admire the work of a modern sculptor*. It would be a subject of surprise to compare the choicest pieces of *Modernità*, which undoubtedly exist in Rome, with the middling works of the Ancients.

But what had become of Winckelmann's ecclesiastical patrons, Archinto and the Father Confessor's allies, the men who had encouraged hopes and held out dazzling prospects ? It cannot be said that during the first year of his residence Winckelmann met in these quarters with the reception that he might have reasonably anticipated. His first visit to Archinto, now Governor of Rome and promoted to the purple, proved decidedly disappointing. The courtly Prelate welcomed his neophyte with nothing more substantial than glib expressions of general good-will, and Winckelmann left the Cardinal's palace with the resolution not again to darken the oblivious dignitary's threshold with his shadow, and to be content "to live and die a free man" on his slender pension. During upwards of a year he steadily eschewed contact with Roman circles. But in the course of 1756 events occurred which suddenly obliged Winckelmann to bestir himself. In rapid and alarming succession came tidings how the Prussians had advanced victoriously, how Dresden had been taken, and how the whole Saxon army had been made prisoners of war. The fortunes of the Royal House of Saxony appeared to be wholly blotted out, and in this apparently absolute ruin Winckelmann had reason for apprehending that the King's purse would be unable to defray even the paltry pension which was his whole sustenance. The sharp edge of necessity now drove him perforce to look around with the view of seeking from Roman sources that indispensable support, with the imminent loss of which he saw himself menaced. It will be remembered how in Dresden a

prospect had been held out of becoming Cardinal Passionei's librarian, and that even positive offers had been made to him. Such, however, had been Winckelmann's mortification at Archinto's behaviour, that he had never even waited on this distinguished Prince of the Church and lover of letters. His tardy introduction was now due to the intervention of an acquaintance picked up in Mengs' society, who himself deserves notice as an example of the eccentric characters to be found in Rome beneath the sable domino of the ecclesiastical garb. Monsignor Giacomelli was domestic chaplain to the Holy Father, Prebendary of St. Peter's and subsequently Secretary of Briefs, about the only appointment in the Court of Rome that, as a rule, has remained outside the area of mere favouritism, in consequence of the special knowledge of Canon Law and Latinity demanded for its duties. In this capacity Giacomelli, under the next Pope, evinced himself a pungent organ of extreme anti-Jansenist sentiments, and his name is connected in Church history with composition of the most vehement Apostolical utterances that fanned into an unquenchable blaze the embers of this theological controversy. But this bitter Churchman no sooner got within the precincts of his private study and shuffled on his dingy dressing-gown than he became a transformed being. In that innermost closet, accessible only to the most intimate associates, the folios of Canon Law and Dogmatic Doctrine were absolutely banished from the shelves around the wall to make room for choice volumes, the repositories of sparkling wit and unbridled humour. Giacomelli has the reputation of having been the best Greek scholar of Italy in his day, and his delight was to read Aristophanes with the regularity a priest should expend upon his Breviary, shaking his sides with convulsive laughter at the jokes of the Attic comedian. Closely guarded from the scrutiny of puritanical censors, in a locked desk, lay the pet production of Giacomelli's literary activity, a manuscript version into Italian of Aristophanes' plays, without expurgation. He had laid down for himself a course of humorous reading, appointed for the seasons of the year, like the lessons in the Breviary, which always finished with a story of Boccaccio, to be perused before going to bed. This quaint light of the Church instinctively recognized in Winckelmann a brother in classical sympathies, and took him to his

bosom. He made him known to Roman litterati, and, despite Winckelmann's reluctance, insisted on carrying him to his friend, Passionei.

The Cardinal was, perhaps, even a greater original than the Pope's domestic chaplain. The Romans had nicknamed him Cardinal Scanderbeg and Pasha of Fossombrone (his native place), from his notoriously passionate, despotic, and bearish humour. His growl was, however, often worse than his bite. Though Passionei would exhibit himself as the veriest bear to casual strangers, he showed himself the most cordial of hosts to persons of real merit, notwithstanding an often perplexing affectation of whimsicality. He received, for instance, the President de Brosses stretched at full length on a couch with wig and red cap lying in different corners of the room; and when the latter, somewhat disconcerted, showed signs of withdrawing from fear that he had inadvertently intruded on the Cardinal's repose, the latter arrested him by unceremoniously jumping up and pulling the President down on the sofa by the collar of his coat. Passionei was not merely an eccentric. He was a man of genuine learning, the devoted patron of literary merit in every quarter. He it was who presented to Benedict XIV. a poem by Voltaire, with whom he corresponded, as indeed he did with the most eminent spirits of Europe. His library, which he was indefatigable in enlarging, constituted the darling object of his existence. He called it jokingly his wife, though he was no jealous husband, for he rejoiced in freely admitting scholars to the enjoyment of its contents. Passionei was also, in a marked degree, what is called in Rome an Opposition Cardinal. His independent humour took pleasure in uttering sarcasms on men and things. He neither respected persons, nor did his pungent tongue practise reserve. "I laugh," he said on one occasion, "at the ignorance, the grimacing, and the petty scheming of my colleagues." He entertained an undisguised aversion to the Society of Jesus, and it was mainly due to his determined protest that Bellarmine's canonization was defeated in Congregation. He took a wicked pleasure in professing Jansenism at Rome, where that doctrine was looked upon as something yet more infernal than Lutherism, or, as Dr. Justi observes, even than Atheism. It is affirmed that Benedict XIV., who was a wag, played upon the Cardinal's well-known antipathy to the Jesuits :

he caused the "*Medulla Theologica*," of Busenbaum, a great luminary of the Society, to be slyly introduced amongst the books which, every morning, Passionei's servant laid on his master's table as the literary novelties of the day. The story goes that his Holiness nearly died with laughter when, from an adjoining window in the Quirinal Palace, he espied the Cardinal, purple with rage, rush impetuously to the casement and throw the hateful handbook vehemently into the street. To the presence of this whimsical Prince of the Church Winckelmann was now conducted, and was welcomed by him "with extraordinary civility." The Cardinal not only opened his library without reserve, but admitted Winckelmann within the circle of choice spirits he loved to congregate in his delightful retreat on the Alban Hills, where, divested of every shred of ceremony, wearing a flowery dressing gown and high riding boots, a huge coarse straw hat on his head, and a big cane in his hand (so he is depicted in a drawing by Ghezzi), he would ramble about his beautifully laid out pleasure grounds, given up to the undisturbed enjoyment of his humours and the society of friends. The most complete Italian freedom from constraint prevailed in the villa of this high dignitary. "One is with him," writes Winckelmann, "on a footing of freedom which has no parallel. At table one appears in jacket and slippers (if I did as he likes it I should come in shirt sleeves), and the conversation in the evening is like the din of a Jews' school, for it requires the lungs of a preacher to outcream the Cardinal." But it was not all mere Epicureism and diversion in this delightful sojourn. Study was not forgotten amidst the charms of nature and of art. The mornings were devoted to serious readings, and while the Cardinal, seated before a portrait of Arnauld which decorated his own special sanctum, would read his daily portion of the "*Lettres Provinciales*," Winckelmann sought his daily edification in the pages of Plato.

Winckelmann discovered before long that it would not be prudent to frequent much this delightful retreat. Passionei was not a Cardinal who could help to obtain what he was urgently in need of — a provision; on the contrary the favour of this caustic prelate was only too likely to alienate the powers on whose good-will depended preferment. A circumstance had besides occurred which might secure unexpected advantages. Archinto had



been promoted to the Secretaryship of State, the fountain head of all patronage. On this occasion again the supple Giacomelli offered to act as intermediary, and again he did so with the dexterity of an old hand in the ways of Rome. Conscious of Winckelmann's qualifications, and glad of an opportunity to entice away from Passionei so distinguished a follower, Archinto met him with offers of a more substantial kind than on former occasions; and in the beginning of the year 1757 Winckelmann took up his residence in the Cancelleria Palace (Bramante's well-known masterpiece in Campo di Fiori) as his Eminence's Librarian. The post was virtually a sinecure, but the emoluments were also little more than nominal, only free lodging and occasional gratuities; but the change wrought in Winckelmann's social position was immense. By becoming a member of the Cardinal's household he acquired that which in Rome is as invaluable as it is difficult to obtain, the recognition of citizenship. Until then he had been an outsider, one of that swarm of birds of passage who periodically visit Rome but are hardly ever admitted to penetrate beyond the mere shell of Roman society. By virtue of admission into Archinto's household Winckelmann had received, so to say, letters of full naturalization, and become as one that had passed the rites of esoteric initiation, an accepted member of the august College of Augurs, to whom the carefully guarded doors of Roman interiors and the close circles of Roman conversazioni are open without reserve. Many a man has spent half his life in this most jealous region without ever succeeding in stepping across the magic line of demarcation which separates the Roman world into an outer and an inner area. Conversion to the faith is a powerful lever in Rome, and yet of itself it hardly secures the warrant for unrestricted admission into the penetralia of the Roman world. To attain to this privilege it is well-nigh indispensable to go through the semblance of some more specific profession, to wear, at least as a badge of enrolment, an ecclesiastical robe. Stringent vows are not indeed incumbent; but as a Court dress is exacted at levées, so for a stranger from beyond the Alps to be enabled to be really at home in the Roman world, it has ever been a tacit condition that he should don an uniform of priestly fashion. Accordingly we now find our friend going about in a black velvet robe with silken mantle and

white neckbands, for henceforth he is styled the Signor *Abate* Winckelmann.

When Winckelmann set out for Italy, Rome did not constitute the only point of attraction. There was yet another spot in the Peninsula, which glittered before his longing eyes with the mysterious fascination of a magnetic attraction. Wonderful rumours were current as to the discoveries made in the Herculean excavations, their nature being matter for eager speculation, as the objects found were jealously kept from the gaze of all but the few employed, under stringent pledges of secrecy, in the slow compilation of an illustrated publication, which the King of Naples fondly fancied would constitute an imperishable monument to his royal fame. Any scrap of authentic information about, much more a glimpse at, the objects found, were prized by scholars as the most precious boon. Winckelmann had not been a month in Rome when we find him impatiently revolving an expedition to Naples in conjunction with his inseparable companion Mengs. As often as twelve times the date was fixed, only to be postponed because the dilatory Court painter neither would finish his altar-piece nor go away leaving it unfinished on his easel. The disappointment was the greater, as Winckelmann inwardly flattered himself that he could get access to privileges rigorously denied to other *savants*. The Queen was a Saxon princess, to whom Winckelmann was specially recommended by her brother, the Electoral Prince, in an autograph letter; while the ever faithful Father Rauch had written strongly in his behalf to his fellow Confessor at the Neapolitan Court. In addition, Roman friends of influence provided him with other letters; so that when on Ash Wednesday, 1758, Winckelmann at last started by himself in the public coach, he seemed fully equipped with the certain means of forcing the bolts and bars of Neapolitan jealousy. "On this journey a great part of my future fortune must depend, for it is the most important step I have ventured on in my life," Winckelmann writes on the eve of departure. "I pray God for intelligence to turn to good account this journey, which may prove a providential step for me." These words indicate his secret hopes. When Charles III. mounted the Neapolitan throne, he had brought from Tuscany various men of letters, whom he made members of an Academy, to which were entrusted the guard of the Herculean discoveries.

Would admission into this favoured body be impossible for a stranger, with the advantage of special recommendation to the Queen whose ascendancy over her husband was notorious? This was the ambitious hope which floated before his mind. But despite so many favourable auspices, Winckelmann not merely failed in this object, but for a while seemed doomed not to obtain a whit more than lay within the reach of any chance visitor. The enviousness of Neapolitan cliques was intensified at the flourish of trumpets which heralded Winckelmann's eminence. His first rebuff came from a quarter he most reckoned upon for support, the Royal Confessor. "This priest, by birth a German, was in the plot against me, and told me to give up all hope of being admitted to see the Queen." It was not until he had solemnly assured the priest that he would certainly not presume to make a petition of any kind, that he was allowed to present himself before the Queen. The Court habitually resided at Portici, where in the palace were deposited the shrouded treasures of Herculaneum. Here Winckelmann had a short and formal audience of the Queen, after which, true to his pledge and to a line of policy he had now laid down to himself, he cautiously abstained from again approaching the royal presence, as if wholly indifferent to court interest. There was, however, one powerful man in Naples who could dispose of most things as he liked. This was the Minister Tanucci, originally a Pisan lawyer, who came to Naples with Charles III., a statesman of high capacity and vigorous intelligence, the chief actor in the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits, who had captivated in equal degree the favour of both royal spouses. Through Count Firmian, the Austrian ambassador, Winckelmann was introduced to Tanucci, on whom he quickly exercised the fascination which his lively conversation hardly ever failed to produce. The powerful Minister invited him to his table and conversed with him freely, asking particularly for his opinion on some antique frescoes recently brought to light. The French Envoy who was present, echoed fawningly the ideas of the Premier in regard to them, but Winckelmann expressed himself with perfect frankness, differing entirely from the opinions expressed by Tanucci and repeated by the obsequious diplomatist. The result produced by this exhibition of independence was a permission to visit the precious

collections of Portici. He had indeed to sign a pledge "to make no drawing nor any touch of a brush" of any object contained in them, but otherwise he was allowed to inspect as often and as long as he liked the much prized articles within the closely guarded Museum.

Winckelmann lost no time in availing himself of the precious concession, and to that end took up his residence for several weeks in Portici itself. The Head Director of the Museum was Camillo Paderni, a broken-down Roman painter, who had contrived to captivate the King's favour, but who possessed no one quality for his duties. He was ignorant, envious, and stupidly impatient of advice. Yet to this illiterate impostor, and moreover not immaculate custodian, was confided not merely the Keepership, but also the arrangement and critical explanation of articles dug up, as likewise the very delicate operations of excavation. No spade or pickaxe could be put into the ground except by his direction, and the opinion of Paderni was oracularly absolute in regard to every discovery made and every proceeding to be undertaken. It was natural that an inflated impostor of this water should be bent on not letting competent eyes look upon the daily exhibitions of his own incompetency. But Winckelmann had already lived long enough among Roman ecclesiastics to acquire the art of wearing a mask with ease. Without the goodwill of Paderni even the Minister's permission would have been a mere piece of waste paper, and therefore Winckelmann laid himself out to disarm the ignorant Keeper's envious suspicions. "I act the part of a simpleton," he writes on April 26, "towards the Head Inspector of the Museum, the Queen's confidant, a big cheat and arrant ignoramus, who already before my coming concocted plots against me." The stratagem proved quite successful, and Winckelmann could afterwards say, "Paderni's friendship had procured him ample opportunity to observe everything at ease, and to be in the Museum as if it were his own domain." In these inspections Winckelmann had the advantage of the society and experience of the one meritorious individual connected with the Museum, with whom he took up his quarters as a guest during his stay in Portici. This was Father Antonio Piaggi, a Genoese by birth, and as different from Paderni in the unostentatiousness of his bearing as he was by the solidity of his labours.

In 1750 a library of Papyri rolls had been brought to light in Herculaneum. At first their nature was not understood, and not a few rolls were destroyed as worthless logs of calcined wood. When their character came to be recognized, the intensest interest was excited in the world of letters, only to be followed soon by as intense disappointment. Device after device, each more absurd than the other, was tried by the wise men of the Herculanean Academy, with the same want of success, to unfold the charred manuscripts. One sage suggested the application of a hemlock wash as an infallible dissolvent, while a second recommended saturation with mercury; then the bright idea was entertained of undoing the stiffening effects of volcanic heat by the action of the sun's softening rays through the lens of a burning glass, until a transcendent wisacre crowned all this tissue of folly by a free use of boiling water, only to become bewildered at the very natural consequence of having reduced the objects under experiment into a mess of nasty black paste. Then, in 1754, Paderni pompously affirmed the conclusive tests of science to have established the impossibility of ever unrolling these calcined manuscripts, so that he considered it better to leave them in the excavations, with the view of saving the space of the Museum from the mere accumulation of rubbish; and this opinion was generally, though regretfully, concurred in. The idea of recovering the lost decades of Livy and other treasures was therefore discarded as an exploded delusion, until the proceedings of Piaggi again unexpectedly revived hope. One day King Charles happened to give vent to his regret at these confirmed failures to Asseman, the celebrated librarian of the Vatican, when the latter observed that he thought he knew one individual to whose skill it might still be worth while to have resort. This individual was our Friar, then a subordinate copyist in the Vatican Library. The King's curiosity became awakened, and Piaggi was summoned to Naples. Carefully and deliberately did he examine the black rolls that had baffled so many efforts, and with the imperturbable phlegm of an immovable patience, he maturely designed and slowly completed a method of procedure. After some months the delighted Monarch beheld in operation that ingenious machine which every traveller to Naples cannot fail to have watched with keen interest, as it is still at work slowly un-

winding the gummed leaves, which during forty years Piaggi himself never tired day after day in trying to unroll. This triumph of patient skill was rewarded by a permanent appointment in the Museum and a free apartment, in which he entertained the German scholar, whose merit he heartily appreciated. But Naples was no soil where foreign merit could thrive in peace, especially when it had succeeded where Neapolitan ignorance had ignominiously failed. Notwithstanding the favour of the King, Piaggi had to suffer much from the malignity of his colleagues, especially from the spiteful Paderni; and many were the stories about the gross blunders and the duplicity of this "dishonest custodian" which, over bottles of good Lacrima, he confided to the bosom of his guest, as, after the day's labours in the Museum, they sat together on the balcony overlooking the loveliness of the Bay in the balmy atmosphere of a Neapolitan spring season. For more than four weeks Winckelmann resided in this most enjoyable abode, dividing his whole time between the genial society of his host and the Museum, the objects in which he scrutinized with lynx-eyed assiduousness, so as to be able from memory to make those records which a narrow-minded jealousy forbade his delineating with more satisfactory precision.

Ardent as were his occupations at Portici, they did yet not so engross Winckelmann as to make him insensible to the many other objects of interest in and around Naples, to which he found in Count Firmian a willing and most intelligent guide. To him it was due that Winckelmann visited the then almost unknown remains of Pæstum. The effect on his imagination was prodigious at the sight of these majestic monuments, rising in the severe grandeur of Doric simplicity over the solemn surroundings of the weird landscape, on which they frown in impressive loneliness. In these massive temples of pure Greek masonry, the first he ever set eyes upon, there flashed on him a revelation of style in architecture, while he fondly beheld in them an earnest of many more such remains along the southern seaboard. His mind became fired with the ambition of bringing to light hidden marvels of Hellenic art. His letters are full of plans and schemes for this enterprise. He had heard a tale of whole temples standing at Velia, Zeno's birthplace, and he confidently trusted "that many remains still existed along the desert and forsaken coast where stood

the great cities of Magna Græcia." A journey to Tarentum was on the point of being undertaken. With enthusiasm he writes: "I must procure myself the satisfaction to look on things never beheld by any German. I have put by a little money, and want nothing but a pilgrim's smock-frock. I cannot expect any one to accompany me on so laborious a journey, but this will not detain me, for I shall be rewarded by the pleasure of seeing things on which no other being has ever set eyes."

In the midst of these eager preparations Winckelmann was arrested by tidings which recalled him to the realities of life. Benedict XIV. had breathed his last, and amongst those believed to have the best chances of elevation figured Cardinal Archinto. Winckelmann felt how much might depend on his being close to his protector at the moment of accession, and, as fast as he could travel, he hurried back to Rome. As he entered the city by the Lateran Gate he heard the big bell of the Capitol tolling the funeral knell, which ushers in the Conclave. The hopes built on Archinto's success were, however, doomed to disappointment. After two months' immurement the Conscript Fathers of the Church proclaimed Cardinal Rezzonico Pope. Winckelmann was profoundly vexed at an issue which seemed to close all prospect of his being put in a position to indulge the longings quickened by Neapolitan experiences. Between the irritating sensations of cramping impecuniosity, impatience at the servitude in which he stood towards Archinto, and the dazzling visions kindled by reminiscences of Portici and Pæstum, Winckelmann fretted painfully. At length in September 1758, he suddenly quitted Rome. Florence was the goal of his flight, and its cause an urgent call to perform a literary task. His absence lasted more than nine months, and this visit to Florence constituted an episode little less important than his journey to Naples.

Readers of Horace Walpole may remember occasional mention of a Baron Stosch as a great connoisseur in articles of virtù, with some references to his character not exactly complimentary. The individual in question was one of those mysterious personages compounded of the adventurer, the courtier, and the man of letters that figure in Memoirs of the last century. By birth Stosch was a Prussian, from Cüstrin; his father had been a medical man, but the son appears

early to have practised the supple faculties by which he contrived, without having any patrimony, to pass his days in luxury at the expense of princes, whose plans and purposes he lent his peculiar talents to promote in the guise of a secret agent. He was, in short, a diplomatic spy of rare dexterity, possessed of all the qualities which facilitate familiarity with the most varied circles and enable a man to get on an intimate footing with the most exclusive society. For nearly forty years he resided in Italy, first in Rome and then in Florence, being in the secret pay of the English Government to watch the Pretender, while to the world, he was known only as an indefatigable collector of works of art who outbade all competitors, and a connoisseur whose eye was of unerring acuteness. It was quite in character that the agreeable, pleasant, charming man of the world, a sybarite in his domestic arrangements and a wit in his intercourse, hail fellow well met with Cardinals and diplomatists, with savants and with artists (a sketch is preserved of him by Ghezzi, with the subscription *veramente Barone anzi Baronissimo*), should have exhibited a fondness for pretty knick-knacks. But Stosch was much more than a mere dilettante; he was gifted with that superior instinct for the exquisite in Art which frequently characterizes the refined man of the world—the instinct by which, as a rule, he is a first-rate judge of wine and cookery, able instantly to detect an adulteration and falsification by the instinctive keenness of a natural sense. Stosch had made it his especial object to collect antique gems and intaglios. These were then much sought after, and the Stosch Collection ranked as the choicest in the world. "He has drained Italy," wrote Barthelemy, and the opinion entertained by contemporaries of the excellence of Stosch's collection has not been reversed by posterity.\*

This unrivalled collection of antique intaglios had long been an object of special attraction to Winckelmann, who ardently desired the benefit of the unparalleled experience acquired by so pre-eminent a master in connoisseurship. "I have as intense a desire to look on that man's countenance," he wrote, "as I have to look on anything in this world." That desire was not, however, destined to be fulfilled, though Winckelmann lived to

\* The collection was ultimately bought after Stosch's death by Frederick the Great for 30,000 ducats, for those times a stupendous price.

receive much kindness at the Baron's hands. Being at a loss for an intermediary, soon after his arrival in Rome, he had ventured on introducing himself by a letter accompanying the presentation of a copy of his Dresden publication. Stosch replied in most gratifying terms; and, unreservedly opening the stores of his own knowledge, he also recommended Winckelmann to friends of a congenial spirit in Rome. It was through Stosch he was first brought into contact with his future patron and benefactor, Cardinal Albani. An active correspondence ensued between the two, and Stosch, who felt himself growing old, pressed Winckelmann to visit him, and, with the benefit of his own assistance, employ the powers of his pen and the resources of his classical reading in the composition of a catalogue of his intaglios, with a critical elucidation of their subjects. The execution of this project was deferred in consequence of the journey to Naples. In the interval the old Baron died, leaving as heir of the considerable fortune he had contrived to amass a nephew, a man of the world, like himself, fond of good living, of diversions, and of adventure, but who wished to convert into money collections which absorbed a considerable dead capital. He urged Winckelmann to carry out at leisure his uncle's desire for a descriptive catalogue, preparatory to the intended sale of the collection. The invitation was responded to, and this was the cause of Winckelmann's abrupt departure from Rome.

The first impression produced by Florence was one of intense delight. "It is the loveliest spot I have seen in my life, and much to be preferred to Naples," is Winckelmann's enthusiastic exclamation. His introduction to Florence happened, indeed, under exceptionally favourable auspices. The younger Stosch welcomed him with the warmth of a devoted friend, who sought to divine every wish in his mind, and was indefatigable in contributing to every conceivable pleasure. He made Winckelmann known to the best society; notably to Sir Horace Mann, whose house was the centre for whatever was agreeable in Florence; and soon Winckelmann spoke of the English Envoy as "his special friend and patron." Notwithstanding this accumulation of attention and diversion (it would even seem that he entertained a passing admiration for a lovely ballet girl), Florence before long ceased to have attraction, and for reasons eminently charac-

teristic of Winckelmann's turn of mind. This city abounds in splendid works of art, in noble monuments of architecture, in a perfect galaxy of masterpieces in painting; but all these glories so inseparably intertwined with its name are the outgrowth of Modern, as distinguished from Antique Italy. Unlike Rome and Naples, it is the distinctive feature of Florence to be emphatically the city of Catholic, Mediæval, and Renaissance Italy. Nowhere is the spirit of Classicism visible on the face of this city, which bears the indelible impress of the great Mediæval times, presenting at all points mighty monuments and glorious associations that group themselves around such typical memories as those of Dante and Giotto, of Brunelleschi and Michel Angelo. Stirring as are these names for most persons, beautiful and majestic as are the creations with which they stand particularly identified in Florence, it is yet the fact that both the world out of which these masters drew their inspirations, and the style and form in which they gave shape to them, were of an order indifferent, and, in some material respects, even distasteful to Winckelmann's nature. It has been seen how varied had been his reading, how many-sided the sympathies manifested in the copious selections made for his private use. To bring against Winckelmann's mind the charge that it was capable of taking in but one angular conception, and one specific expression of beauty, would be manifestly incorrect. If, then, though able to appreciate what in form was so little classical as Shakespeare and Milton, the *Idylls* of Gessner, and the Hymns of Luther, Winckelmann still persistently showed dislike for the grandeur of Dante and the beauties of the Italian masters, the cause must be sought in the circumstance that whereas the former stand identified only with creations in the vaguer forms of verse, the latter are indissolubly connected with concrete Art-forms and Art-representations, which offended pointedly against what, in his opinion, were fundamental canons of Greek Art. *A priori*, it was not in Winckelmann's nature to warm spontaneously to the cycle of religious subjects constituting the groundwork for Italian Art — Madonnas and Angels, Annunciations and Nativities. The quarter to which he would instinctively turn for congenial subjects of artistic design would have been the world of Antique Mythology, the world of Olympian Gods



and Goddesses, of Homeric legendary lore. Still this disposition would of itself hardly have made Winckelmann absolutely ignore the very pronounced beauties in Italian Art, had it not been for a special circumstance which grievously wounded his most cherished principle in *Æsthetics*. In presence of Raphael's most perfect creation as a mere work of Beauty, the San Sisto Madonna, Winckelmann eagerly acknowledged its consummate Art-feeling as embodied in emancipation from any directly visible influences outside the range of pure *Æsthetics*. This freedom was, however, very decidedly not a characteristic of the general run of Italian works of Art.

The Italian schools bore conspicuous impress of being animated by specific inspirations, that overlay, with the weight of an impelling and a controlling sentiment, the free force of self-contained Art-feeling and spontaneous sense of Beauty which constitute the incomparable freshness and fulness of symmetry embodied in works of Greek Art. Nor was this all. Throughout Italian sculpture (and it was sculpture which Winckelmann looked on as the form of true Art) there was a marked absence in composition of that severe tranquillity in outline, of that principle of repose, which Winckelmann preached to be the cardinal canon of Greek Art, the corner-stone on which rested the true system of Beauty in Art. The skill of workmanship, the vigour of expression, the boldness of execution, so strikingly discernible in many statues by Italian masters, were for him but so many aggravated sins against the essence of *Æsthetics*, most reprehensible aberrations from the true doctrine which, in precise proportion to the skill displayed in execution, proved dangerously mischievous to sound taste. Hence was it that, though Winckelmann appreciated the exquisite charm of outline and surpassing sense of Beauty in Raphael, he never would recognize in Michel Angelo, the Artist as distinguished from the Poet, more than a mischievous genius, who, by force of powerful example and stupendous skill, had done an enormous amount of evil in furthering a depraved taste for what was contorted and exaggerated in form.

Michel Angelo occupied himself with contemplation of the highest beauty; his poems are full of it. But his imagination was too vehement for tender emotion and the charms of grace. His soaring mind and immense

knowledge disdained to be confined to imitations of the Antique. . . . Thus the tender sentiment of beauty became hardened in him. He is wonderful in big-limbed figures, but in his female and youthful figures he has made creatures of another world. . . . His recumbent statues on the Medici tombs are in so forced an attitude as in life could have been maintained only by a strain, and by this mannerized attitude he has erred against the fitness of Nature and of the locality for which he was working.

Winckelmann ventured to affirm not only "that Michel Angelo had laid the foundations and constructed the bridges leading to vitiated taste in sculpture," but he even dared to couple his name with Bernini's as the two chief perverters of taste, making, however, this notable distinction, that "the path, along which Michel Angelo went to impassable regions and inaccessible heights, only served to lead, Bernini into swamps and puddles." We have given these opinions as written from Florence, for they thoroughly define what quickened in Winckelmann an enduring dislike, at first sight perplexing, to the works of Tuscan masters in general, and of Michel Angelo in particular, though he fully recognized the latter's powerful genius.

The task undertaken for Stosch proved far more laborious than Winckelmann had any conception of at the outset. Instead of two months, as he had calculated, sufficing to accomplish it, it was not till February 1760, that the volume was actually published. High as his expectations had been as to the choiceness of Stosch's collection, it exceeded anticipation, and the sight of its treasures instantly fired Winckelmann's mind with ideas which expanded into a manual of art what had been meant to be but an attractive catalogue. "The Cabinet du Roi cannot compete with this collection," Winckelmann writes from Florence. Exclusive of cameos, it comprised upwards of 3000 engraved stones, many of them with inscriptions. In presence of this vast amount of intaglios, offering unique opportunities for comparison, Winckelmann was not content with merely elucidating the subjects from classical authors and trying to identify the heads engraved, but was led to attempt classifications, according to intrinsic marks of style and date, a critical labour in which he had no precursor. No wonder that he found himself involved "in an ocean of research." The more his eyes dwelt on the objects before him, the more his



mind was overcome with the fascination of its occupation, and the magnitude of the task that suggested itself. "My labour, big enough to crush an ass's back, is not to be overlooked," he writes from Florence, "and I do not know whether I shall ever finish it." When he eventually carried his manuscripts and whole boxes of paste impressions to Rome, with the view of there obtaining in various collections the assistance he felt in need of, the burden of his song was still the same. "I study, read, and work, like a very devil," he exclaims in October 1760, in reply to Stosch, who began to be impatient at a procrastination apparently interminable, every week's post bringing sheets of manuscript corrections, not seldom in entire substitution for what was already in type. Remonstrances at last obliged Winckelmann to curtail investigations so discursive that he had hoped to make the volume into "an inventory of all the best works of Art, so that whoever cared to see Rome with benefit, would necessarily find it to be indispensable." It was not without a degree of nervous excitement almost morbid that Winckelmann saw the issue of the book. This was his first essay in the avowed character of a classical critic, venturing to lay down canons and expound obscurities by the light of his learning. "My fame and my disgrace are at stake; may Heaven grant a happy issue," he exclaimed. The issue was decidedly happy. The volume met with a favourable reception, and enhanced Winckelmann's reputation in the world of letters. The two most approved scientific periodicals in France, Mariette's "*Journal Etranger*" and the "*Mémoires de Trevoux*," warmly acknowledged the merits of this publication. The author was eulogized as "cet amateur doué d'une heureuse sensibilité que les impressions du beau élèvent jusqu' à l'enthousiasme, et d'un génie qui pénètre dans la poésie des artistes." Viewed from the vantage ground of modern criticism, the volume will not be considered a safe guide in the connoisseurship of ancient engraved stones. We apprehend it would weigh little with the present experienced Keepers of the British Museum collection, in reference to the genuineness of an intaglio and the identification of an engraved head, that Winckelmann should have warranted the one and affixed to the other the name of an ancient worthy. On these heads he was without the indispensable aid of that accumulated experience which can be ac-

quired only by a converging process of close investigation through successive generations of connoisseurship. Nevertheless this catalogue was marked with the intuitive divination which characterizes genius alone, and deserves to be remembered as a publication marking an important stride in archæological science. In it are found the first hints of Winckelmann's capital discovery of different types in character and style that distinguish the Art of various ancient peoples, and again divide Greek Art into distinct periods and schools. Moreover, making two remarkable intaglios of archaic style serve as specimens of a particular school, he was the first to draw attention to the fact that there was an Etruscan Art distinct from Greek, with a character and a style of its own. Whatever the hand of Winckelmann grappled, though the result might prove imperfect, always showed the touch of superior power; but in none of his productions is the vivifying force of genius more apparent than in this composition of what had been originally meant for a mere advertisement—the puffing inventory of a valuable collection to be put up for sale.

Winckelmann's return to Rome was accelerated by an event which was attended by enduring consequences. He had been scarcely two months in Florence when Cardinal Archinto died suddenly of apoplexy, and he saw himself cut adrift with the temporary hospitality of Stosch and his small Saxon pension as his whole fortune. "Perdidi fructum longi obsequii" was his exclamation at this apparent extinction of prospects, and his thoughts began to turn away from Rome as a quarter in which he was destined not to prosper. But before long a letter from his old friend and perpetual go-between Giacomelli brought an offer which wrought a complete change in his feelings and his position. Cardinal Albani, "the chief of all connoisseurs in the Antique, and a man who deligets in kindness without caring to take out its full equivalent in return," offered Winckelmann free quarters and maintenance in his palace, in return for the duties of a Librarianship, which consisted in the unrestricted enjoyment of a collection, amongst the contents of which were numerous portfolios and volumes, with drawings and precious engravings. The appointment in name was the same he had held with little satisfaction in Archinto's household; but Albani was a totally different personage, and Winckelmann "without hesitation"

accepted the proffered call, which he never for an instant had subsequent occasion to regret, continuing for the rest of his days not merely an inmate but the intimate companion and bosom friend of this munificent and Art-loving Prince of the Church.

Alessandro Albani, even if he had not stood in such close connection with our hero, would deserve the attention of the reader. He was the last specimen of the type of *Cardinal Grand Seigneurs*, those purple-clad Prelates, who reared the stately palaces which are masterpieces of architecture, and had the refined tastes which gathered the glorious collections that as heirlooms have rendered familiar in every country the names of certain great Italian houses. There have been subsequently promoted to the Purple scions of Italian aristocracy, but we cannot recall to mind one who showed traces of the openhandedness, the lavish fondness for beautiful things, and the grand style of life which have surrounded Cardinal Albani's memory with a halo of splendour, and combined to make him rear to himself an enduring monument in that Roman villa of his construction, still peopled by a host of marbles of his own collection, and which, though it has passed into the hands of strangers, yet bears his name—a mansion that is the very embodiment of what Goethe's fancy has pictured in the verses:—

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein  
Dach;  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn dich an.

In his youth the Cardinal had been no rigorist, though at this time, having attained his sixty-seventh year, he had finished sowing wild oats. He was the younger nephew of Clement XI., by whom he was early entrusted to the care of a Bolognese pedagogue, a personal friend of Stosch, and himself an antiquarian, who inoculated his pupil with his tastes. While the elder nephew was made to enter the Church, and ultimately became likewise a Cardinal who played a prominent part in several conclaves, Alessandro was destined to a worldly career, being named Colonel of Pontifical Dragoons and Grand Prior of Armenia before he had attained his twentieth year; but on his uncle's promotion to the Papacy he adopted the dress of an Abate, and was installed in the Quirinal. The spirit of the dashing cavalry officer was, however, not quelled in his breast, and manifested

itself in diversions in which ladies and dice constituted a conspicuous element. To relieve his favourite scapegrace from embarrassment, the Pope sent him as Nuncio to Vienna, but here again he plunged vehemently into the dissipations of that gay city to an extent involving scandals, which caused his uncle profound sorrow at the end of his days. It is affirmed that he even meditated at one time extricating himself from debt by a marriage. His astute brother happily came to his relief by contriving to obtain from Innocent XIII., in return for special services, the Cardinal's hat for Alessandro, who, when only just twenty-nine, had the distinction of being promoted to this high ecclesiastical dignity on the same day with Dubois. Thanks to his birth, he now managed to accumulate various highly-salaried appointments, which gave him a large income, no whit too great, however, for his lavish expenditure. Already, in 1717, we hear of his having carried on simultaneously excavations at Tivoli, Civita Lavigna, and Nettuno, while it was notorious that he readily purchased every antique article of value brought to him. The consequence was that he found himself before long deeply in debt, and was driven to have recourse to two sales of marbles, one to the Elector of Saxony, and the other, which formed the nucleus of the Capitol Museum, to the Pope, to be soon followed by that of his valuable collection of coins. No sooner had he thus relieved himself than, unable to endure the privation of being without works of art, he again began to collect with unabated passion, instituting afresh various diggings. The story is recounted how the Cardinal in person carried off in his state coach, from the spot where it was found on the Aventine, the bronze Apollo Sauroctonos, still to be seen in his Villa, for fear of losing it. In addition, he now embarked in building a house for the decorative arrangement of his beautiful collections. No expense and no labour were spared in getting together precious stones and rare columns. "He builds as if he were certain of living twenty years longer. The man gets deeper and deeper involved therein, and can set no limit to his Villa. He is a thorough Cartesian in building, for he will not tolerate an empty space." The inevitable consequence ensued that one day the Cardinal's steward had to announce with a long face that the exchequer was utterly drained; and then the spendthrift Prelate perforce had again to make up his mind to part for money

with a portion of his treasures; the sacrifice on this occasion consisting in a choice series of sketches by great masters, which were purchased for England. When Winckelmann joined the Cardinal, the Villa was not yet completed; and those artistic arrangements of choice marbles and beautiful ornamentations, which we still look upon with admiration, were in great degree the result of his tasteful suggestions. To him also was it especially due that the fresco of Parnassus on the ceiling of the large saloon was entrusted to Mengs, to whom, with his family, the Cardinal gave quarters in the Villa, that he might paint at ease; his Margherita being put in requisition to serve as model for a Muse.

It is the last eight years of his life, spent under the hospitable roof of Cardinal Albani, which constitute the really sunny period of Winckelmann's existence. Until now he never had been in a position really to enjoy. Paroxysms of pleasure had alternated with paroxysms of disappointment. The element of ease — of assured and cheerful stability — had been wholly wanting in the snatches of enjoyment he had been able to cull. Forever had precariousness and uncertainty dogged his steps, casting the sensation of a chilling shadow over the brightness of happy instants. But from the hour Winckelmann entered the Cardinal's household, all the cloud was dispelled, and he henceforth basked in the undimmed sunniness of genial intercourse, and experienced the fostering kindness of unabated protection and uninterrupted goodwill. "Every morning," he writes in 1764, "I raise my hands in thankfulness to Him who let me escape shipwreck, and brought me into this land, where I enjoy peace and my own self, and can live and act according to my desires." Never indeed did any patron bear himself towards a *protégé* with a more absolute divestment of all air of superiority. In the fullest sense of the term he was a friend, not a master. "We are such intimate friends," writes Winckelmann, some months after having entered the Albani household, "that I sit of a morning on the Cardinal's bed chatting with him." . . . "I open to him the most secret corners of my heart, and I enjoy the like confidence from him. He is to me friend, companion, and all in one." After four years' experience he again expresses himself thus: "I firmly believe that I have obtained the happiest lot I could possibly have fallen upon in Rome, for I have in

the same person master and friend, and no confidence could possibly be greater. Had I been made to select a friend, I would have sought out a heart such as the Cardinal possesses." The Prince-Prelate from Urbino, and the cobbler's son from the North German March became, in short, bosom friends with one heart and one thought. Doubtless the construction and arrangement of the Villa proved a cementing bond to knit together the tasteful Cardinal and the artistically-minded Antiquarian. It formed the incessant pre-occupation of every hour how to perfect this fancy creation, and the Cardinal in no degree lagged behind his friend in the energy of his enthusiasm. No day was spent inactively, excursions were made all over the Campagna, while "Sunday was set apart for poking about in all the corners of Rome with the view of ferreting out antiquities." Nor had the Cardinal lost the tradition of the princely hospitality which used to grace the state of noble Italian houses. His palace was the habitual resort of whatever was distinguished in Rome, whether of native or foreign blood. The conversazioni during the winter season in the vast saloons of the Palazzo Albani at Quattro Fontane constituted the centre of attraction for foreign visitors, who there beheld the grace and beauty of Roman society, while admitted to the privilege of meeting its choicest talents, and enjoying the exquisite vocal performances of Pompeo Battoni's two lovely daughters, of whom Dr. Burney said, "that the perfection of their performance divested it of all semblance of Art." It was in the Villa, however, that the sumptuousness of the Cardinal's style of living was fully displayed. At the approach of spring he used to remove to it, and then this spot of delight "became quite the Court of Rome." The Pope himself "generally paid a visit every year, while in the evenings there would be music and dancing, to which foreigners were in the habit of resorting."

Though travelling in those days was a cumbersome undertaking, Rome was yet already a much frequented point of annual pilgrimage, and many are the names occurring in the biography of distinguished individuals from all countries, with whom Winckelmann established relations in the Cardinal's saloon. Of our own countrymen, then as now furnishing the most numerous contingent of tourists, ("believe me, the English are the only people who know what they

want," exclaims Winckelmann; "what poor creatures are our German travellers!" we will only enumerate Wilkes, with whose society Winckelmann was so much taken that, notwithstanding the company of a notorious lady, he was ready to have gone with him to Naples; Wortley Montagu, at whose excellent German he was astounded, and whose invitation to accompany him to the East, Winckelmann seriously thought for a while to accept; the mad Lord Baltimore, "one of those bestial and unhappy Englishmen, who are tired of everything in the world; he saw the collection in the Borghese Villa in half a quarter of an hour!"—and Jenkins, the dealer in antiquities, often mentioned by Goethe, a man so fond of works of Art that to part with one, at no matter what price, always cost him a severe struggle. The Cardinal's doors were hospitably open to all who brought letters of introduction:—

To have a conception of the life in the Villa, let it suffice to tell you [wrote Winckelmann, to his friend Volkmann, in May 1764], that often as many as sixty remained of late for supper. My Lord Cardinal was nearly a fortnight unwell and in bed, notwithstanding which the gormandizing, dancing, card-playing, and singing went on just as before and since, until finally the Pope interposed to check these excesses. . . . But as for myself I am in the midst of all this turmoil, exactly as I would be. I live always in the same way, so that I never fail to be already before the sun on the flat roof of the palace and contemplate the first rays of dawn.

Little ecclesiastical as was this style of dissipation, there had been a time when the Cardinal's mode of life would have afforded still more serious cause for the Pope's censorial remonstrance. The days were gone by when he furnished topic for scandal by the unblushing manner with which he would entertain, in his box at the Teatro delle Dame, ladies distinguished for beauty and wit, though not for immaculate virtue. At the time we write of, the numbing effects of age had perforce confined his attentions to the fair sex to two visits every fore and afternoon (Winckelmann had to accompany him in his coach) to the Countess Cheroffini, an old flame and once celebrated beauty. For whoever is acquainted with the dense domino of outward decorum, under which it is now the studied care in Rome to muffle from public gaze the frailties that members of the ecclesiastical body may be guilty of, nothing can be more typical

of the change wrought in the tone of society than the public recognition of the intimacy between the Cardinal and this lady, testified to by almost all writers of travels to Rome, who concur in paying tribute to the Countess's charms and to her position as a Queen of fashion. The aristocratic Count Lynar (a man not to demean himself by mingling with second-rate company) speaks in his diary of her social ascendancy, the still striking vestiges of her singular beauty, the delightfulness of her entertainments, and the loveliness of two accomplished daughters, of whom the eldest (as to whose paternity gossip had much to say) afterwards brought against her husband in the Roman courts a suit for divorce, that is remembered as an extraordinary *cause célèbre*. However innocent on the score of morality may have been these daily visits of ceremony paid from old habit by a worn-out *roué* to his quondam love, they did not prove so harmless to the purse of the infatuated admirer. Countess Cheroffini had acquired the costly tastes of her friend, and the Cardinal was ever distinguished for lavish generosity. She too affected to indulge in the prevailing passion for antique intaglios; while it was a point of honour with her to make her concerts and entertainments superior in attraction to any in Rome. The Cardinal happening to find himself in one of his periodical money straits, his confidential agent, Marcus Agrippa, drily advised him to burn down the Cheroffini palace with all its contents, live and dead, as the removal of so engulging a drain for ready money would amply compensate for any pain which he might temporarily sustain.

It was in the Cheroffini *salon* that the notorious Casanova made acquaintance with Winckelmann, as is recounted in his profligate memoirs. He had been brought thither by his brother the painter, and fancying a slight to be put on him, which he ascribed to the comparatively humble position of his introducer, Casanova resented this with characteristic impudence. "Hearing it remarked one evening, 'There is Casanova's brother,' I turned sharply round, saying, 'That expression is incorrect; it should be said Casanova is *my* brother.'—'That is six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other?'—'By no means, Signor Abate.' The tone in which I spoke these words made effect, and another Abate observed, 'The gentleman is right; it is *not* the same thing.' The other held his tongue. He who had

taken my side, and with whom I immediately struck up a friendship, happened to be the celebrated Winckelmann." The following day Casanova was conducted by his new friend over the Villa Albani, an attention Winckelmann was chary of showing, where he made the acquaintance of Mengs, and was invited to remain a guest for dinner, at which wine was drunk so freely that the whole company became very merry, and Winckelmann finished with cutting summersaults with Mengs's children. Casanova, who was a shrewd observer, remarks, "Ce savant philosophe n'avait rien du pédant, il aimait l'enfance et la jeunesse, et son esprit jovial lui faisait trouver du charme dans les plaisirs."

Let not the reader, however, assume that under the anodyne of pleasure and dissipation, Winckelmann allowed his mind to be enervated. During all this period, not only had he sedulously laboured to accomplish the History of Art which he had sketched in his mind, but he had besides thrown off minor compositions. Of these productions, one alone must be glanced at for a moment, a "Letter to Count Brühl" descriptive of the explorations in Herculaneum. For Winckelmann, the interest of these was supreme. A few hours spent in the Portici Museum were of greater avail for insight into the spirit of the Antique than months of arduous study over Greek and Latin texts. Twice, in 1762 and 1764, Winckelmann seized opportunities for adding to his knowledge by flying visits to the cherished spot. In the interval since his first visit much had been brought to light. Excavation was no longer confined to the dark and underground vestiges of Herculaneum. Pompeii was being uncovered, and here explorations had been attended with a success that filled the minds of antiquaries with rapture. Again after twenty years of impenetrable mystery, the long expected first volume of "Le Pitture di Ercolano" had at last been issued, lifting, in some though very inadequate degree, the dense curtain which hitherto had jealousy veiled everything appertaining to these interesting discoveries.

Either oblivious of the intensity of Neapolitan jealousy, or else presuming that indiscretions perpetrated in the German tongue must necessarily be beyond detection by Neapolitan *savants*, Winckelmann was so imprudent as to indite an account of what he had observed. In accordance with the letter of his pledge, no

stroke of the pencil illustrated his pages; but something infinitely worse gave them a particular zest. His sarcasm was unable to resist the temptation of showing up the ludicrous ignorance with which things were managed in Naples. The satire on would-be erudition and inflated conceit, to be scathing, needed but a statement of the dry truth, and this Winckelmann was malicious enough to give with a diabolical simplicity of narrative. He escaped notice for a considerable time. So utterly was German literature a blank to Neapolitan erudition, that he could venture with impunity on his third trip after this publication, nor would its knowledge in all probability ever have reached these regions but for a French translation. Count Caylus, beyond challenge the greatest living connoisseur of ancient art next to Winckelmann, had fretted for many years in angry impatience at the dilatoriness of the arrogant dunces in charge of the Portici mysteries. In vain had he sought to obtain access; it was only to experience the surly rebuff of insuperable illwill and the malevolence of crass ignorance. The exposure in Winckelmann's pages of these wretched impostors gratified the Count's spleen, and he caused a French translation to be published, which, thanks to his position and Winckelmann's reputation, attracted at once very great attention in Paris. Intense were the rage and fury of the Neapolitan clique when this pamphlet from the pen of a "Gothic barbarian, who by dint of routine has sought to screw himself up into an antiquary like our *ciceroni* at Pozzuoli," fell like a bombshell; and the united talent of its members was put in requisition to compose a reply to this lashing castigation. This pasquinade, compounded of scurrilous abuse and uncontrollable frenzy, did not make Winckelmann wince, but what he did feel was that all necessity was at an end for delaying the completion of his History in regard to any lights that might be derived from further studies at Portici. "This publication has shut me out of the Museum, which relieves me from any more journeys to Naples."

The great work, which has surrounded his memory with an imperishable lustre, saw the light of day early in 1764, just eight years after he had first set hand to it. "How many times have I not transcribed my 'History of Art,' and what piles of draft copies have I not heaped up!" Already, in 1756, Winckelmann



had sent to his publisher, at Dresden, the manuscript of the first portion, which he subsequently cancelled. His alterations and re-compositions were interminable, nor did they cease even after publication. He had only just received the volumes from the press when he insisted on a remodelled edition, incorporating the results of new experience and fresh discoveries; and as the publisher not unnaturally demurred, he made a supplementary volume of this additional matter. The success of the book was complete.

A French translation followed immediately; an English one was announced; a Dutch bookseller pirated the history, and, to checkmate both the latter and his own original publisher, whom he found too little enterprising, Winckelmann undertook a second and entirely re-written version, that was to appear in the French tongue in Berlin. To give here a detailed survey of this bulky composition is quite impossible. It would require an article by itself to enter into a critical disquisition of all the characteristic points in Winckelmann's arguments. We would here only emphasize the fact that the importance of the book, and the deep impression produced by it, were due not so much to the correctness of its detail, as to the comprehensiveness of its conception and the vigorous freshness of its vivid insight into the essence of Art. What Niebuhr did for the comprehension of Roman History, the same did Winckelmann for that of Antique Art. On special points the views of both have been shaken by subsequent criticism, itself due to their initiative; but all subsequent criticism has confirmed the intuitive accuracy of the leading observations attained to, and promulgated by, these great pioneers—the wonderful correctness with which, by the insight of individual genius, they recognized and fixed the main outlines of things as it were through the flashes of divination. In some respects Winckelmann was the more astonishing of the two, for he had no forerunner as Beaufort or Vico might be considered to have partly been, in that specific field of critical investigation to which Niebuhr devoted himself. The History of Art, viewed as a living organism, with its epochs, its schools, and its sign-marks, was an absolute blank, the book of Art-Æsthetics was a farrago of mere empirical common-places and vapid formulas, when Winckelmann ushered in his volumes with this high-sounding introduction: "The History of Ancient

Art which I have undertaken to write is no mere narrative of its chronology and contemporary modifications, but I take the word *History* in the wider sense borne by it in Greek, and my intention is to attempt the structure of a system." "A History of Art should teach its origin, growth, modification, and decay, along with the differences in style between peoples, periods, and artists—proving all this as far as possible from the surviving works of Antiquity." This was not a vain and pretentious boast. Winckelmann did lay down positive and valuable canons for the solution of these high problems, and to the vigour and precision of his efforts in this direction is due the enduring effect wrought by his compositions. It is true that he has laid himself open to the charge of having evoked a school of strained Idealism and mannerized Classicism. This charge, however, holds truer against those who sought to tread in his steps—pale satellites of a mighty luminary—than against himself. The pith of Winckelmann's teaching is to be found in the division of his book that treats of the "*Essential in Art*," where, from specimens of antique sculpture, he illustrates what in these works is indicative of elevated conception. These criticisms, so fresh, so vivid, so incisive, establish the keenness of his insight into what constitutes artistic excellence, and conclusively confute the notion that his taste was the matter of a mere string of canons learnt by heart.

"No modern," says Rumohr, a most acute Art critic, whose fondness for the mediæval Italy which Winckelmann depreciated makes his favourable opinion the more noteworthy, "has ever felt the Beautiful and the Grand in natural forms with such antique sentiment, and has guessed at their true relation to Art with such keenness."

Still, in the first edition of this History, Winckelmann committed the most glaring slip in connoisseurship into which he ever fell; and that slip was attended by cruel circumstances, which broke up one of the capital intimacies of his life. Some years earlier a painting had turned up in Rome, which was surrounded with extraordinary mystery. Only with "the greatest difficulty" could Winckelmann get a sight of it, and its origin could only be guessed at. It represented Ganymede embraced by Jupiter, and suspicion was made to point tolerably plainly to Hercules as the spot whence the painting might be surmised to have been brought



surreptitiously — a circumstance of itself to justify the studied secrecy with which it was surrounded. "If all works of art in Germany were not destined to be demolished," wrote Winckelmann, with the exaggerated reports in his mind as to the destruction wrought in Dresden during the siege, "no one could be worthier of this prize than the King of Prussia. . . . Beyond doubt it is the finest thing in the whole world, and as I am one of the three or four who alone knew about it, I might have treated for it." This superlative praise was repeated and stereotyped in the History, when the confounding fact became revealed that the painting was a work of Mengs' (then already in Spain), who had deliberately made it with the view of trying his powers of mystifying connoisseurs of the Antique. A more heartless act on the part of one who stood in such intimate relations as Mengs did to Winckelmann cannot be conceived. The rupture between the two was absolute, and extended also to an intimacy with Mengs' wife, which has been too much dwelt on by all writers who have touched upon Winckelmann, to allow us to pass it over in silence. As the only passage in his life approaching to the resemblance of an attachment to a woman, it is marked by circumstances that will shock the delicacy of finer feelings, but are eminently characteristic of both the man and the eighteenth-century morality.

At the time of Winckelmann's visit to Florence, we find him writing in Italian to Margherita a letter of no special import, but which incidentally is mentioned as the first he had ever written to a woman. There is evidence that the presence of this young and handsome woman in the family circle constituted from the first an object of attraction to Winckelmann. In 1763, Margherita returned unannounced from Spain on the plea of bad health, and at her husband's request she put herself in all things under the guidance of Winckelmann. The peasant girl, who was admitted to the King of Spain's Palace, never acquired the art of writing, and Winckelmann acted as her amanuensis — the confidant of all her thoughts and wishes — so that here we have the old story often told of a handsome young woman and a fascinating man thrown together under circumstances calculated directly to foster intimacy, and allowing themselves to be imperceptibly drawn into it. How far was the intimacy in this case carried? If Winckelmann was as most men, then certainly

circumstances would seem to point to the assumption of extreme lengths. We find him continually in her society, accompanying her into the country, living in the same house, taking his siesta on the same couch. There are allusions in his letters which would warrant the gravest conclusions, were they not connected with such naïve utterances as seem quite incompatible with guilt. At last this intercourse was suspended by the lady's return to her husband. From that moment Winckelmann never failed to write every post day to Margherita a letter full of exuberant sentiment; and this correspondence, so far from exciting the husband's jealousy, stimulated him to one of those acts of unintelligible sentimentalism, which occasionally distinguished the unhealthy generation that cherished Rousseau as the prophet of a superior moral revelation. "With my Mengs the olden friendship has not only revived," says Winckelmann, "but it has attained the transcendental degree of intimacy that he is willing to share with me his *most cherished possession*." The revolting construction, that these words imply a readiness on the part of the husband to share his wife with a friend, would appear impossible of rejection. Unless words are deliberately used in a non-natural sense, it seems as clear as anything can be made so by words that Mengs in his delight at Margherita's restored health and spirits — in the morbid desire to promote her physical well-being — distinctly proposed a tripartite arrangement that would have made her the common wife of both friends. It is not necessary to establish the positive existence of this repulsive combination by repulsive quotations from the correspondence. It may well perplex to understand how a man, so haughtily proud and exactly punctilious as Mengs, could stoop to an aberration so flagrantly in violation of the most indelible sentiments of human dignity, unless, indeed, the solution of the enigma should be found in a cynical conviction that the licence conceded to Winckelmann must needs prove forever a dead letter. Be that as it may, it stands, written in terms admitting of no misapprehension, that formal articles for this monstrous arrangement were drawn, and actually signed by Margherita, while Winckelmann bound himself faithfully to reject every offer that might take him away into Germany, when the discovery of the Ganymede fabrication abruptly put an end to all intercourse between the

parties, without the slightest trace of heartache in the supposed lover at his separation from Margherita. Nay, a short time after he incidentally made the following admission in a letter to a friend totally unconnected with this affair, which is worth noting: "As many passions manifest their force by silence, and this might possibly be the case with love, of which I never have had knowledge, as one without experience therein, I am ready to infer its strength from your brevity."

Winckelmann had now attained the pinnacle of fame and the meridian of prosperity. He was not merely a man appreciated in select circles of the erudite world, but he had become a European celebrity, whom it was considered a privilege to approach, and whose society princes and sovereigns on visiting the Eternal City made it a special point to seek, as of the greatest living sage in Archæology and Art. The long flight of stairs leading up to the top floor of the Albani Palace was trodden by not a few German Serene Highnesses—as, for instance, those of Dessau and Brunswick—in pilgrimage to the modest rooms of the Stendal cobbler's son, of which this description is given. "Homer, Euripides, and some Greek authors constituted his collection of books, for he had at his disposal the Albani Library. His whole wardrobe comprised two black suits and a big fur cloak brought with him from Germany, which he wore in winter against the cold, for he lit fire only to make his chocolate. No one waited on him, and his furniture was in character, the only article of price being a Faun's head, which afterwards stood in the Cardinal's bedroom." A spirit of happiness and of joyous contentment pervaded the closing years of Winckelmann's life, making his days thoroughly bright and sunny. "After much toil," he writes, "I have here found the peace in which one of the Seven Sages made the highest good to consist, and as my desires always were very moderate, I find myself in that rare condition, which is the case with very few, of being able to boast that there is nothing which I can still wish for." Again he exclaims, "All things are indifferent to me in comparison with friendship! I have no cares about heirs, and as we must needs be serious during the infinite duration of Eternity, I have no mind to act the Sage during this life, which possibly is the reason why I do not appear to be growing aged." This sensation of enjoyment—of exultation

at his existence and at the world that surrounded him—did not, however, divert Winckelmann from incessant intellectual activity. It was not in his nature to be rocked into indolence in the lap of soft delight. Independent of his indefatigable labours to make his History worthy of its name (he not only rewrote, but actually enlarged it to double the original size) he published a "Treatise on Allegories," and three very costly illustrated volumes on "Ancient Monuments," with the text in Italian. His pecuniary position had much improved, so that with his singularly frugal habits, he was at this time in quite comfortable circumstances. Besides his salary as the Cardinal's Librarian he had an office given to him in the Vatican Library, to which was subsequently added the appointment of Archæologist to the Apostolical Chamber. This post was one of high honour. The occupant was Director-in-Chief of all Papal collections, and had absolute control over everything relating to Antiquities in the Pope's dominions. Every object of antique origin brought to light within the Papal States had to be submitted to this officer's inspection, without whose sanction it could not be exported, and his authority was supreme in all matters falling within the department of Art.

Notwithstanding all these good things a certain impatience was visible in him at times. It proceeded from the intensity of his mind as it worked in its old and natural direction. The more he studied the Antique the more did he become aware that even Rome did not contain all which he needed to scrutinize, and the more keenly did he feel a longing to proceed to those places where he might behold other remains of Art. Naples was such a locality, and near at hand, but that he had closed to himself by his own indiscretion. There were, however, beyond it Sicily and the shores of Greece, to which his thoughts became feverishly directed. Amongst the friends of later years whom he had made was Baron Riedesel, a German nobleman of fortune and classical tastes, the author of several books of travel which are still in repute, particularly one through "Magna Græcia." He then contemplated an expedition to Greece with the view of excavating the site of Olympia, and Winckelmann seriously thought of accompanying him. Riedesel ultimately sailed alone, because Winckelmann found it impossible to extricate himself from his Roman

ties, and also because very unexpectedly the door was opened which, of all others, he had believed hopelessly closed against him. Sir William Hamilton, then already our Minister in Naples, was engaged in the composition of the splendid volumes he subsequently published illustrative of his precious collection of Vases. His critical eye had long appreciated Winckelmann's merits, and an interchange of letters had established personal relations between these distinguished connoisseurs.

Sir William now exerted with success his powerful interest at Court to remove the prohibition against Winckelmann's return to Naples. An unknown Abate might be snubbed with impunity, but to proscribe from the precincts of the Museum the author of "The History of Art," the acknowledged greatest judge in Europe of the Antique, would be to heap irretrievable ridicule on Neapolitan science. Tanucci was far too intelligent not to be sensible of the fact, and availed himself of the opportunity offered by a presentation copy of "The History of Art" to address a markedly gracious letter to Winckelmann. Accordingly, in September, 1767, he proceeded to Naples, where for some months he was hospitably entertained by Sir William, and even graciously received at Court, though his movements were so jealously dogged that in the Museum his very strides were watched lest he should be taking measurements. According to his own testimony this visit was, however, the most thoroughly delightful of all he paid to Naples. Every circumstance concurred to fill to the brim the measure of enjoyment to be derived from Hamilton's society and stores of knowledge, and to make absolutely complete the possible series of memorable sights; for Vesuvius contributed the spectacle of one of the most tremendous eruptions on record. In the company of Hamilton, as diligent and scientific an observer of the Volcano as of Antique Vases, Winckelmann, not without some serious danger, spent four nights on the mountain amidst the terrific scenes. This was the closing incident of his last Neapolitan excursion. He went away with the firm purpose of returning the following year for a lengthened visit to Sir William Hamilton, but, before the year had run round, death had violently overtaken him in the vigour of life.

It is noteworthy how Winckelmann's genuine friendships (if we except that for Cardinal Albani, towards whom he en-

tertained the affection inspired by gratitude) were confined to countrymen. He never contracted with Italians more than comparative acquaintances, mere effluences of a superficial intercourse. Those passionate ties of the soul, so distinctively characteristic of his nature, occurred only with Germans. Throughout his lengthened stay in Italy correspondence with old friends in Germany never slackened, and never showed abated warmth of enthusiasm. The reader has seen how, amidst the dissipations of the Villa Albani, Winckelmann would take pleasure in reading in the old German hymn-books in which he had learnt his early lessons as a child. These Teutonic reminiscences and associations retained an indelible hold on his mind, and though facts ultimately proved his system to have become too thoroughly acclimatized to the softer atmosphere of Italian life to support the roughness of northern zones, his imagination at this period had become morbidly home-sick. Directly after his return from Naples the yearning to revisit the haunts of youth—to look on the face of the cherished friends of his soul—became fanned into one of those paroxysms of white heat into which it was in the nature of Winckelmann's imaginative passions to get inflamed. This sentiment overcame him momentarily with such ungovernable vehemence in the presence of obstacles which seemed to stand imperatively in the way of his desires, that he actually meditated breaking violently with his Roman ties. It is impossible not to recognize symptoms of morbidness in these recurring manifestations of mental restlessness—the signs of a disturbed nervous system. The difficulties to be overcome were twofold: there was the consideration for the Cardinal, whom, at his advanced age, he felt concerned to leave; and then there was the question of obtaining from the Court of Rome the leave which would enable him to go away without forfeiting his appointment. It is an interesting fact that Winckelmann proposed as a substitute during his absence in the office of Commissioner of Antiquities a then quite unknown Abate, who, on his death, succeeded in his place, and that this Abate was the first of the Viscontis who, through successive generations, have succeeded each other in the same office with a distinction that has become European. The present Commendatore Visconti, the distinguished representative of an illustrious chain of eminent Archæologists,

preserves as the title-deed of his family distinction the pencilled scrawl with which Winckelmann the night before his departure hastily informed his ancestor that he had at the last moment got the Cardinal Camerlengo's approval of Visconti acting as his deputy during his absence in Germany.

The fatal journey on which Winckelmann thus set out with feverish impatience has often been narrated. It was the 23rd March, 1768, that he obtained his official leave; and on the 10th April he left Rome with the sculptor, Cavaceppi, who accompanied him out of friendship. The plan was to visit Berlin (where he longed to see Frederick the Great and Stosch), Brunswick and Dessau, in both of which places he had friends, and then Dresden. The tidings of Winckelmann's coming were trumpeted forth in Germany as an event, and Goethe, then a student at Leipzig, recounts how he and others projected an excursion merely to catch a sight of the great man on his passage. But Winckelmann never got so far. Up to Verona he seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded an hour on the road northwards than Cavaceppi (who has left a detailed narrative of what occurred as long as they remained together) observed an extraordinary change in the expression of Winckelmann's countenance. He seemed to be overcome with a perfect spasm of horror as that Alpine world opened before him, which, when last he had looked on it, he had admired with so much enthusiasm. Suddenly he exclaimed that he would then turn back at once, and although his companion succeeded in combating this resolution, he continued during the journey to Munich to exhibit so unaccountably strange a temper of mind, that Cavaceppi at moments suspected a temporary derangement of the brain. In Munich Winckelmann positively declared his irrevocable determination to return to Rome, and all Cavaceppi could obtain was that he would accompany him as far as Vienna, where they separated. It is evident that Winckelmann was sick both in body and mind, being overcome with a nervous prostration, accompanied by low fever, which kept him for some days to his bed. In Vienna he experienced an earnest of the honours that awaited him in Germany. Maria Theresa sent for him, and extracted a promise that he would return the following year to arrange her collection of antiquities, and

the haughty statesman Prince Kaunitz condescended to remonstrate with Winckelmann against his flight back to Rome. But all was in vain, and on June 1 he reached Trieste with the intention of engaging a passage to Venice, and took up quarters in the still existing Locanda Grande in the Piazza di San Pietro. He occupied room No. 10, and in room No. 9, on the same floor, there lived a person whose acquaintance Winckelmann made at the public table. This man had come two days before from Venice by sea, and on hearing Winckelmann inquire for a ship to that port, he recommended the skipper that had brought him. A bargain was concluded for the passage, but as the cargo was not full, Winckelmann was detained unwillingly for a week at Trieste, during which he spent much of his time in the society of this chance neighbour and acquaintance, who was a professional adventurer and rogue. His name was Francesco Arcangeli. He was by birth a Tuscan, and had been a cook. In Vienna he had been condemned to three years' irons for theft, and after having finished this term of confinement, he had resided in Venice in partnership with a woman on the town. What had brought him to Trieste at that moment does not appear; but manifestly he was an individual on the look-out for any stroke of business that offered. Winckelmann was so imprudent as not only to consort with a stranger, but also to hold language directly calculated to excite the curiosity of a man of whose antecedents he knew nothing. He studiously surrounded himself with a mysterious incognito, mentioned his audience with Maria Theresa, and showed some valuable gold coins that whetted the cupidity of an ignorant individual out at elbows and restrained from crime by no sense of morality.

The desire to rob this mysterious stranger of his fancied treasures seized Arcangeli, and on the 7th June, the eve of the day fixed for the ship to sail, he provided himself with the instruments to carry out his intention—a knife and the rope for a noose, with which he entered Winckelmann's room on the following morning. Winckelmann was seated in his shirt-sleeves, writing notices to his printer for the new edition of his History, when the murderer came in. The maid-servants subsequently deposed to having heard a friendly conversation between the two. Arcangeli asked Winckelmann to show him, as he had promised, some



gold coins, which the latter excused himself from doing, and, with his back turned to Arcangeli, continued writing his notes for the printer. As he was in the act of writing (*There shall . . .*) the noose was flung from behind around his neck, and then a terrific death struggle ensued. Winckelmann closed with desperate strength with the murderer, trying to wrench out of his grasp the knife, and already he had succeeded in getting near the door when both fell, Winckelmann undermost. The waiter below hearing the heavy thump of the fall rushed upstairs, when, horror-struck, he beheld Arcangeli with his knees on his victim's breast, into which he repeatedly plunged his knife, but at sight of the waiter darted past into the street. The subsequent details are harrowing. Winckelmann could still speak, but the wit-bereft waiter, not observing that he was being throttled by the noose, left him to fetch a surgeon, while an equally terrified maid ran for a priest. With convulsive effort the writhing victim crawled into the public room, where the sight of his bleeding person only served to scare the persons sitting round the table, who took to flight, and Winckelmann lay there until the arrival of the surgeon, who at once pronounced his case as hopeless. A Leghorn gentleman, the Cavaliere Vannucci, now happily turned up, and, sending for the police officer, he lost no time in gathering from the lips of the dying man the principal circumstances of the tragedy. Winckelmann had still strength to give lucid answers, and then to dictate, though not to sign, a will naming Cardinal Albani his universal heir, with the exception of a legacy of 350 ducats to the engraver Mogalli, and of 100 ducats to the Abate Piranesi. Amongst his luggage were found a few articles of value, including a gold watch and some coins, and a travelling library, which comprised Homer, Plautus, and Martial, and an interleaved copy of his History. His agony lasted for six hours. A Capuchin friar administered the last sacraments of the Church to the writhing man as he lay stretched on a mattress put upon the floor. There were five wounds in his breast and two in his stomach. To questions as to his identification Winckelmann had given no distinct answer, probably because he was too exhausted. "*Lasciatemi, non posso più parlare,*" he said, "*dal passaporto lo rileverete.*" Whether it was that this document did not afford sufficient clue to

his station in life or for some other reason his obsequies were of the most humble kind. His remains were deposited without ceremony in a common fosse, and his ashes were mixed with those of pauper corpses. The only tribute paid to his memory in Trieste at the time, consisted in the punishment inflicted on the wretch to whose hand was due his untimely end. Having been quickly seized in the street by the pursuing myrmidons of the city bailiff, Arcangeli was drawn on the wheel July 20th, the same day of the week on which the murder had been perpetrated, upon the Piazza di San Pietro, immediately in front of the inn which had been the scene of the bloody deed.

Such was the tragical catastrophe that prematurely brought to a close the wonderful career of the pauper son of a pauper cobbler from the bleak region of the Old March, just as under the uncontrollable impulse of an overpowering sentiment he was hurrying back to his sunny domicile in the marble halls of the sumptuous Palace of Art, reared for his fastidious enjoyment by the refined taste of a princely and munificent Roman Cardinal. The claims of Winckelmann to a prominent place in the Temple of Fame cannot be disputed. Much in his writings has become obsolete, but all are tipped with that superior fire which genius alone can give forth, the glow that has the faculty of a brightness not fading by time. This faculty of twinkling brightly on through ages with the lustre of a mysterious brilliancy is a property appertaining only to the memories of those who have displayed, while living, that highest quality in man's nature — the force of creativeness. Winckelmann displayed that force in an eminent degree. All he did and left behind him was spontaneous, the natural and gushing outflow of individual consciousness. He was emphatically a poet — a seer — and his utterances were characterized by the indefinable flash of that power of divination, the vivid essence whereof baffles analysis, but the directness of which instantaneously strikes, and leaves behind it a mark forever. Those who after him have trodden with the sole guide of his genius, in the direction of the intellectual fields he explored, have partly been led to modify some views he entertained, and have partly been enabled to push investigation beyond the limits at which he stopped. But every candid Art-critic will readily acknowledge that



Winckelmann first brought light into what had been up to his time a chaotic mass of desultory ideas and confused theories. He found the study of Art a string of disconnected, fanciful, and haphazard notions; he left it crystallized into a system, the theorems of which, as evolved by himself, have in all essentials stood the test of experience, and have been confirmed by the touchstone of progressive criticism.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE TWO SPERANSKY.

A PAGE OF RUSSIAN OFFICIAL LIFE.

PART I. — MICHAEL.

WHEN the present generation of readers was young the French books put into its hands were naturally few. We can remember during our own tender years having had our choice between Telemachus, with his island-goddess, Paul and Virginia, with their palmetto-groves, and Elizabeth, in the snows of her Siberian exile. As we followed her footsteps along the weary *versts* that separated her from St. Petersburg and from the presence-chamber of the Tzar, we wept over her sorrows; and when we thought of the hunger and cold, the wolves and the snowdrifts, it was only the more harrowing to be told that the tale of the "Siberian Exile" was founded on fact. It was during the reign of Paul that the incident occurred which Madame Cottin has made immortal. A young girl, Prascovia Lopouloff by name, obtained leave from her parents to start for St. Petersburg on foot. She believed that she could thus obtain the pardon of a father who had been for sixteen years a Siberian exile. After innumerable dangers, and after an exposure to cold at Christmas so intense that at Ekaterinenburg she was found motionless in the bottom of a sledge, she found a protector in Madame Millin. Her new friends detained her with them till spring returned, and then sent her on her way to the capital. She was presented to the Empress-Mother, and the pardon she sought was granted. Madame Cottin, at this part of the story, introduces a hero and a love match. The "ower true" tale is a much sadder one. Prascovia's health broke down from the excessive hardships of her journey, and after entering a convent at Nijni, she died of consumption in 1809 — ignorant,

no doubt, of the celebrity which her filial piety was to obtain under the disguise of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia."

Another Elizabeth was in the first quarter of this century curiously connected with Siberia. When Madame Speransky-Bagréeff the novelist was seven years old, her father, M. Michael Speransky, Secretary of State to Emperor Alexander, was exiled to Perm, and in 1818, she was again separated from him when he was sent as Governor-General to Siberia. Unlike Prascovia Lopouloff, the real prototype of Madame Cottin's heroine, this young girl never lived in the country, for her health was so delicate that M. Speransky would not allow her either to share his banishment, or to accompany him in his honourable mission. But Siberia was associated with all her joys and sorrows; she was sent to St. Petersburg, with the petition which was to procure a pardon, or at least an inquiry into her father's case, and we shall see that these Siberian associations left their marks on Elizabeth's genius, and gave a very original colouring to her best works.

Elizaveta Michailovna Speransky was the Minister's only child, by an English wife, a Miss Stevens, whom he had married when his foot had already mounted some steps of the ladder of success, and whom he lost only too soon. Madame Speransky died almost immediately after the birth of her child. Elizabeth was reared by her maternal grandmother, but through all the vicissitudes of his career, the statesman's first thought was ever for his little girl.

These vicissitudes make up a page of Russian history, new probably to some of our readers, but a page not the less illustrative of Russian political life at the time of the peace of Tilsit, and very typical of the reign of the Tzar, Alexander, surnamed the Blessed.\*

Michael Gramatine was born in 1771, at Vladimir, in the government of Podolia, and was the son of a priest.

The families of the white or secular clergy of Russia form a large body in society, and are almost, so to speak, its Levitical class. The son of a *pope* or priest generally becomes a priest in his turn, and it is as likely as not that he will also select the wife, who is essential to his taking orders, out of another priestly house. But the young Michael, in his seminary at Vladimir, had aspirations reaching far beyond the post of a village

\* Blagoslavenii.

pastor. That he had ever ambitious hopes is evident from the surname which he adopted, *Speransky* being but a Russianized form of the Italian word *Speranza*, or hope. For the monastic life he had no vocation, even should bishoprics loom in the distance for a servant of S. Basil; but after filling the chairs of Mathematics and Physics, in the Newsky Academy of St. Petersburg, he became Secretary to Prince Alexis Kouriakine. Thanks to the good offices of this eccentric patron, he found himself in 1801, a Secretary of State, and thus, at the age of thirty, able to put in execution some of the plans formed in his ambitious youth and boyhood.

This was in 1801; and Speransky, as Assistant Minister of Justice, as Governor of Finland, as Privy Councillor, and as Secretary of State, continued in office and in favour till 1812. His master was his junior by six years. Alexander Pavlovitch had also begun life with aspirations and projects, perhaps it should be said with dreams. Among European sovereigns even at that momentous epoch—the close of the eighteenth century—Alexander was a man of mark. Among Muscovite Tsars he was as novel as a phoenix. He possessed taste, virtue, generosity, and ability. He saw that a great inheritance had fallen to him—not only great in a material sense, as representing the eighth part of the habitable globe, but great in a moral and political point of view. The sceptre just wrested from the crazed hands of Paul had been intended by Peter the Great to be that of no mere barbarous empire. It is true that its boundaries had been enlarged since then by conquest and treaties, and that Catherine II. had kept up its prestige; but the eccentricities of Peter III. and of Paul I. had threatened to obliterate the Tsars of Russia from the list of the great Western potentates. Of these princes, the second, like the first, had just lost his life at the hands of a band of noble conspirators; and Alexander Pavlovitch had to face the nobility of his kingdom in all the attitudes of turbulence or of intrigue. The prestige of Alexander's crown abroad and at home was at stake, and the result must depend on his own firmness, and perhaps even more on his choice of friends.

To friendship the heart of this Tzar was singularly inclined—and he found friends not unworthy of himself. History remembers his devotion to Prince Adam Czartorisky, and the mystical inti-

macy that sprang up later between himself and Madame de Krüdener. Other ties again were formed with foreigners. There was La Harpe, his former tutor, Sir Alexander Crichton, Sir James Wylie, and Dr. Leighton, Scotch physicians, placed by him respectively at the heads of civil, military, and naval departments. Of Russians there were Count Stroganoff, a brave and honest soldier; Admiral Mordvinoff, a Minister whose clemency many an accused had reason to bless; Novossiltzoff, a commissioner long remembered in Poland; and Michael Speransky, who perhaps more than any others shared the philanthropic plans of the Tzar.

Paul, in the earlier part of his reign, had made some not unsalutary reforms, measures which had had their rise assuredly not in philanthropy, but more likely in a spirit of contradiction to the policy of his mother. Alexander determined to do far greater things for the country, and as one of his first steps he adopted a determination to have ministers for the different branches of administration.

The officers so created were eleven in number, and Alexander honestly wished to give them the responsibility which he declared them to possess. Unfortunately, responsible ministers are compatible only with representative governments, and are incompatible with an autocracy; but the Tzar was perhaps the only person, who, enamoured with this new idea and this novel creation, failed to see a want of logic in a responsible (?) Cabinet, which is liable at any hour to the intervention of an imperial *ukaze*. An *ukaze* would override all decisions and statutes, and could not require the signatures of the Ministers. Once before in Russian history had Empress Catherine II. attempted a similar travesty of liberal institutions. She once convoked at Moscow a meeting of deputies, and there she invited them to compose a constitution called "the fundamental legislation." A Tartar hearing the fame of these new orders, naïvely inquired whether, when the new constitution began to work, *ukazes* would still be in force should they continue to appear? He was told that they would, and he then expressed as his opinion that it was much the same thing to him whether the "fundamental legislation" was made or let alone. For Alexander, in quest of the best of governments, and believing firmly in his new Cabinet, Michael Speransky was a fitting Minister. His own policy, if a Russian statesman may be said to have a

policy, was tentative and progressive. His mind, naturally inquisitive and speculative, was not bounded by a purely Russian horizon, and he possessed along with these more imaginative qualities a genuine power of organization.

It is impossible in this place to enter on any detailed account of the projects which he formed for altering at once the spirit, the mechanism, and the details of government. It would interest none but his countrymen, and of Russians only those who have studied the subject enough to be able to compare Speransky's proposals with Speransky's actions, and the measure of reform as planned by him prior to 1812, with the measure since granted to the country by another Alexander. It is enough to say of it that it was intended to comprise a national assembly of representatives, and that he paid great attention to the department of finance, which he proposed to subdivide into four *bureaux*, those of Finance proper, the Treasury, the Control, and the Civil List. Much of this constitution has remained an absolute dream, and some of it, though existing on paper, has unfortunately become as good as a dead letter.

Speransky's ecclesiastical reforms gave the greatest offence. Not that he was singular in them; for Basil Drosdov, so celebrated as Philarète, the eloquent Metropolitan of Moscow, was, in 1812, one of the most influential members of the committee for the reform of religious schools. Like Speransky, Philarète was a priest's son, like Speransky, a member of the Bible Society, and engaged in pressing on a translation of the Scriptures out of the old Slavonic into the vulgar tongue. But, unlike the Secretary, Philarète was not an envied Minister, nor did he offer the same points of attack to bigoted cavillers. For example, Speransky's wife had been a Protestant, his child was being brought up by a Swiss grandmother, and his own extensive circle of friends already included Quakers, like Wheeler the engineer, Scotchmen, Calvinists, renegades, Lutherans, and foreigners of markedly rationalistic tendencies.

His financial operations had been, however, very much to the point, and they were also successful.

They were works of no common difficulty. After the peace of Tilsit, it was to M. Speransky that the task was intrusted of meeting the financial difficulties of the country at the close of her war with France. We see then that no small de-

mands must have been made upon his ingenuity and upon her resources. The budget of 1810 had presented a deficit of no less than 105,000,000 roubles; but, thanks to the novel methods of taxation indicated by this Minister, the receipts of 1812, (the year of his disgrace!) showed an increase of 175,000,000 roubles, by which the kingdom was saved from bankruptcy. The plan of Speransky had been submitted by the Tzar to a special committee, meeting at the house of the Finance Minister, and both there and in the Council it had been carried through by a powerful majority.

All this might have led the ingenious statesman to look for the gratitude of the Emperor and of the empire. But envy was more powerful than gratitude or public spirit at the Court of Alexander, and secret denunciations were already preparing the way for a catastrophe.

Meanwhile the cabinet of M. Speransky continued to be crowded with applicants, clients, and flatterers, and in his cabinet a little girl was generally to be found playing.

Elizabeth adored her father, and she followed him about as Geraldine Necker had followed hers; only when a visitor was announced this shy little child would often retreat, and hide herself behind a pair of globes at the further end of the room.

One morning in March, 1812, Elizabeth was suddenly awakened by a servant, and a pencilled note was put into her hands. "I am exiled," it began, "and I have only half an hour in which to prepare for my departure. I have been twice to thy door, but finding thee always sleeping, I did not care to awaken thee. I bless thee from afar; and I bid thee join me, with thy grandmother, at Nijni-Novgorod, as soon as everything can be arranged in the house. — Thy father."

The banishment of an officer of State, or of a favourite, was no novelty in Russia; and sudden dismissal from the capital is always a feature of such a fall from favour. Speransky, as he travelled away to Nijni, may have remembered more than one such precedent. Compared with the fate of Count Golovkin, who was banished by Empress Elizabeth Petrovna to Nijni Kolymysk, or with that of the first Menschikoff, in his distant grave at Berezov, his own case presented, however, some hopeful features. He was told that "when the situation of public affairs was less critical, the Tzar would take a year or two to examine the data

collected with regard to him;" and at Nijni he was received with considerate kindness by all the best families of the province. Elizabeth soon joined him; the climate suited her, and her studies were resumed. In short, father and daughter might have had a great deal of happiness in each other's society, had not an order been sent out to the effect that M. Speransky's banishment was to be prolonged, and that its place was to be Perm, on the very confines of Siberia.

An enemy had done this,—or rather it was the work of the *clique* of which Armfeld and Balachëff were the leaders, representing, as they did, the whole reactionary party, and one which Speransky could never hope to please.

His birth alone was obnoxious to their exclusiveness. His financial operations, his intimacy with Fessler, and with the *Illuminati*, and his Protestant marriage, were all so many rocks of offence to them. His policy was contrary to the system which they understood, and which they still regretted. What Speransky called "the chaos of *ukazes*" was not incongruous with their notions of government, but all innovations were; for them banks, Lancastrian schools, Bible societies, and reforms in communes and courts of justice, had no charms. They had been accustomed to intrigues for place, to great profits when in place; so they praised the old Russian or "Moscow" system, while they deprecated the more progressive or "Petersburg" policy, with its ideas borrowed from Western countries. Of course there were honourable exceptions to such a way of thinking; for example, the *lycées* of Prince Bézborodko at Nijni, and of Prince Demidoff at Yaroslavl, date from the reign of Alexander: but not the less did the educational measures of 1802 disgust many, and Speransky's enemies identified him with this inauspicious march of intellect.

When they represented Speransky as a traitor to the country, as an associate of "secret societies," it must, however, not be forgotten that secret societies *did* exist, and that alongside of the imperial theories and practice of progress in Russia, there already ran a stream of ultra-liberalism, which gave some grounds for the alarms expressed by the old country, or Moscow, party. Such secret associations they believed to possess the sympathy of Alexander's Secretary of State. Conspiracies with which they were more familiar had pre-engaged their own; and

the fact that M. Speransky had in 1807, bestowed a bishopric on Fessler, the renegade Capuchin, while it allowed them to suspect his orthodoxy, furnished them with a new ground of complaint.

It was time for Speransky, when he saw himself thus pursued by the ill wishes of Armfeld and of his party, to put in a word in his own defence, and to plead for a mitigation of a sentence now become so severe. Perm is on the western frontier of Siberia; the latitude of 70° was sure to be fatal to Elizabeth's health, whose chest had always been delicate, for there dreary marshes and great expanses of snow anticipated all the features of Siberian life. Moreover, the Secretary of State was ruined. His private fortune was originally *nil*, his income had ceased, and the strictest economy had now become necessary. In this way Elizabeth made her first, but by no means her last, experience of the penury which in Russia is too apt to follow on the collapse of an official fortune.

It was now the moment for her to emulate the example of Prascovia Lopouloff, and to come to her father's help.

The young girl returned to St. Petersburg, the bearer of a letter, and of a memorial to the Czar.

M. Speransky recapitulated the accusations made against him, his pretended *liaisons* with France, his intimacy with the Martinists and *Illuminati*, his "*carrière désorganitrice*" (*sic*), his introduction of novelties into the departments of finance and of jurisprudence, his delays in the discussion and editing of the civil code (*Suod*), his enigmatical conduct, his want of orthodoxy, of patriotism, and of devotion to the Tzar. He concluded by asking as a solace for all the bitterness that could come to him, as a recompense for all the labours undertaken by the command of the Emperor, for the glory of the Tzar and the welfare of the State, as the price of the integrity of his own conduct, only one favour,—viz., that he might be allowed to end his days with his family, on a small estate which he possessed, and there, in liberty and oblivion, to close a life which, to say the truth, had been already too full of labours and of sorrow.

This petition was successful; but the success of Elizabeth's mission is really only another episode in the traditions of despotism. Untried and unacquainted, M. Speransky, whether innocent or guilty, now obtained leave to return to Nijni and to his daughter's society; and there

had a small pension conferred on him. These measures, which were agreeable, could only have appeared explicable to persons already acquainted with the peculiar notions of justice that prevail under an autocracy. A further acquaintance with the whole system of rewards and punishments as understood in Russia, perhaps also prepared M. Speransky for the next steps of his master. He was, in 1818, made civil governor of Penza, and was finally created Governor-General of Siberia, with a request that he would reorganize the whole civil administration of that province.

To our ideas, if these be traits of autocratic caprice, it is also a trait of suppleness in M. Speransky that we find him submitting to such indirect forms of compensation and rehabilitation, for his guilt or his innocence were still all as unproved as they had been on the morning when he had feared to awake his little sleeping Elizabeth with the news of his sudden exile. But, cultivated and virtuous as he might be, M. Speransky could not afford to stand on his dignity. Then all things in Russia go by comparison; and if tempted to complain, he might perhaps remember that the first Menschikoff had been untried, and had died in exile; while Volynsky, Cabinet Minister to Empress Anne, and disgraced through an intrigue of the Duke of Biron, had suffered a terrible death, the same sentence also condemning his children to perpetual exile. Michael Gramatine, the Pope's son, Secretary of State in 1801, exile in 1812, and Governor-General in 1819, was too emphatically the creation of an arbitrary system, not to be sometimes its creature.

In the mean time the reactionary party, with Armfeld the Swede at their head, and Rosenkampf as their mouthpiece, might still breathe freely. They could not precisely rejoice, for Speransky was again favoured; but the most distant province of the empire was to be the theatre of his future experiments, and if its misrule had not hitherto affected their spirits, it might be hoped that his improvements would be too remote to hurt either their feelings or their interests. Lancastrian schools and Bible societies in the latitude of Tobolsk would not for example prepare the way for serf emancipation as surely as the education of the home-grown *moujik* must do.

This new Governor of Siberia was in no common way fitted for the task allotted to him. To begin with, he was

humane; a quality which he had certainly not acquired by contact with his first master, Prince Alexis Kouriakine. That nobleman had belonged emphatically to the old school. When the humane Lapoukhine had once reported to him the filthy and unwholesome state of the prisons where some political criminals were rotting, and suggested an improvement in them, Kouriakine replied with a strong negative, and gave as his reason that "then they would be no longer *prisons*!" Speransky, to whose tender mercies some thousands of exiles were now committed, had more clemency; and as he also disagreed with another axiom of the Prince's, that "*everything is forbidden* for which express permission has not been obtained," he was not likely to harass his new subjects needlessly.

He was sent to reorganize the civil administration, study the capabilities, and redress the grievances of a country which suffered from many forms of oppression. Now, if Perm had once been his own "*città dolente*," it had also been his school. Possibly Alexander knew his Secretary of State well enough to be sure that this had been the case. During months of solitary exile, studies had been made which had formed the future Governor-General of a province where the skies were even more joyless, and which still more emphatically proved the worth of the popular Russian saying, "God is in heaven, and the Tzar is a long way off."

The information so collected at Perm had been, what information collected by or for an official very seldom is, authentic. No one could have imagined that the exile of those days would be the Governor-General of the future, so no one had had any interest in deceiving. Data thus gathered were available now, and M. Speransky had observation, sagacity, and charity enough to turn them to the best account.

The demon of misrule in Siberia was hydra-headed, it is true, but he had patience if he had not hope, and he had an unlimited power of application to business. Thus he went, his daughter says, "a new Jermak, to make for the second time the conquest of the country." With what sentiments he really entered on his duties is best learnt from his letters to that daughter. It was impossible, from the state of her health, that Elizabeth should accompany him; he placed her in the family of a trusted physician of St. Petersburg, and began his rule with a heart tried by their pangs of parting.



These letters, besides being a picture of manners little known to Europeans, give us a just estimate of the tie which existed between the Governor and his only child. More than that, they assist us to form an opinion of a man whom many have undervalued, and whom others are disposed to blame, partly on account of failures for which he is not responsible, and partly because of the excessive praise lavished on him by others. One virtue he lacked — courage; one vice he lacked — pride; and the boyards of Russia, haughty *frondeurs*, and often revengeful as they were, called him a hypocrite, because the priest's son tried to conciliate them before they had injured him, and did not avenge himself after they had. Cancrine, Finance Minister to Nicholas, does not scruple to style Speransky a hypocrite; but the letters to Elizabeth show us a man whose temper was mild, whose ambitions were not purely selfish, and who, perhaps because he could see both sides of a question, was at once claimed and blamed by both parties.

The first letter is dated from Tobolsk, 30th May 1819.\*

## I.

TOBOLSK, 30th May 1819.

I have found here, my dearest Elizabeth, the same skies, the same beneficial sunlight, the same men (a mixture of good and evil), the same fatherly Providence embracing all space, and bringing us together across all distances, strengthening my heart, and filling it with hopeful confidence.

I arrived here on the 24th of May (O.S.) on the eve of Trinity Sunday. Notwithstanding the flooded rivers which we had so frequently to cross, we reached Tobolsk in eight days, a distance of 1500 *versts* from Kagan — such are the roads and the horses of eastern Russia. The fearless fairy of the Siberian legends could not have flown into my arms with greater rapidity, and all the way we were both well and cheerful. The weather was so favourable that we had hardly a drop of rain from Penza to Tobolsk.

You may easily imagine how we were received; one might say that it was with almost universal rapture. Even those who feared my coming here as a stern judge, having wearied themselves out by

their anticipations, seemed glad to get the dreaded ordeal over.

The day before yesterday the post brought me your letter of the 9th of May. I conclude that the courier takes sometimes nineteen days to reach this place, sometimes fifteen. At least I will learn every fortnight that my Elizabeth is well. I do not know as yet how long I may remain in this place; it will be for a month at least; and then I will wander to the uttermost ends of the inhabited globe.

## II.

... Do not listen to the tales current about this country. Siberia *is* Siberia, and like nothing else; and one must possess an imagination which is only not excitable but positively extravagant to see in it another India. Till now, I at least have not discerned any majesty in its natural features or any excellences in its people. The Oural Mountains may be called the Riffean Range, but none the less are they a range of dull, monotonous, mean, and endlessly wearisome hills, occupying a space of 400 *versts*. While crossing them you do not come on a single point that could attract the eye, and not a single valley from which you could perceive a peak worth noticing. There are not even any "beautiful horrors," for the Ourals are more monotonous than dangerous, and are not even that. You will observe that we crossed them at the most favourable season, and that I am a passionate admirer of all that is lovely and grandiose. The same must be said of the people. At present I have failed to discover *what* it is that constitutes the "Siberian." I see the same vices, the same follies, the same patience in the poor, the same egotism in the rich. The only real difference is that life has a wider range here than in general, that there is a fertile soil, and in consequence we have fewer poor. As yet I can only see that as far as Tobolsk, and in Tobolsk itself, Siberia *is* Siberia, *i.e.*, a very good place for exiles, profitable also for certain trades, and not only an interesting but a rich mine for mineralogists. This is what it is; but it is not a place for living under the conditions of the highest social civilization — viz., of the stable organization of property, founded on agriculture, manufactures, and internal trade. Living in Tobolsk itself is, however, cheap; there is an excellent fish-market, which is well stocked; but this is only a local advantage, and it means nothing whatever for the country round it, since, from the difficulties of

\* [EDITOR'S NOTE.] — These letters have been translated expressly for the Magazine by a gifted countryman of Madame Speransky-Bagréeff.

communication, owing to the absence of roads, one may die of hunger, and be in want within 200 *versets* of all this abundance.

The southern part of this government is fairly productive; but one degree further north, one step beyond the highroad, and you are in the desert, in the midst of impassable bogs, where the savage Ostiak hunts all through the winter the ice-fox and the bear, and in summer (which means two months out of the twelve) he lives on fish.

You will think I am giving you lessons in statistics: I merely want to preserve you from the fashionable errors about Siberia. The people who have found out an "Indian empire" here, may pride themselves on having discovered something very important, but which is to me at least unknown.

## III.

June 25.

It is hot even in Tobolsk — 36° Reaumur in the shade. Nature will assert herself. My next letter will be from Tomsk.

Study the map of Siberia, in order to follow me on my travels.

## IV.

June 25.

In two days, my dear Elizabeth, I shall be on the southern frontier of Russia, at Omsk, a fortress on the borders of a government formed out of the land inhabited by the half-savage Kirghisses. Our imagination is forever seeking in Siberia something wonderful and peculiar, and it finds nothing. What a pity that a dull and monotonous reality always destroys the romantic flights of fancy! This flat material world never satisfies our imaginations or our minds. But the mind of man is a Titan, finding all space too narrow for it; habit destroys even the phantom of distance. We talk nowadays of 1000 *versets* as if it were of an ordinary walk. The other day the general commandant of Omsk, with his whole staff, paid me a morning visit. They came a distance of 600 *versets*; they dined and slept at my house one night, and they returned home next day.

## V.

TOMSK, July 10.

We left Tobolsk, my dearest Elizabeth, on the 20th June, and rolled down to this place in the very heart of Siberia, along a plain which is one unbroken slope 1000

*versets* in length. We hailed the first hillock we saw with joyous exclamations, for the monotony of these steppes is wearisome. Here nature begins to be animated. The vegetation is indeed luxuriant; it would be difficult to imagine fields more fertile or flowers more gaily varied, and were it not that they are 4500 *versets* from you, one might enjoy them; but my heart is heavy.

At Omsk we were at the outposts of European civilization. The wild Kirghisses squatted all around in their *yourts*,\* and they gave me a feast, that is, we assisted at their meal, and saw them devour uncooked mutton, and drink fermented mare's milk, which they call "*Koumiss*." We also had some races, and saw all the young men ride and pursue a cantering girl, the fairest bride of the tribe, who escaped, by defending herself with a lash. Nothing is so disgusting as nature savage and primitive; if, indeed, it be man's primitive nature, and is not rather humanity grown wild.

## VI.

TOMSK, July 17.

Your letter, my own Elizabeth, of the 8th June, did not reach me till the 14th of July. What a dreadful distance! and in two weeks I shall be still further from you: is it possible not to crave and seek after that eternity which will unite us all? While here on earth everything separates us. Think with your pen in your hand: it is the only way to moderate and regulate the flights of one's fancy. Feeling, in its true sense, is that faculty which enables man to understand and to enjoy the beautiful in man and in nature, and in the material world. The lower faculties of feeling are given to all thinking beings, the higher to very few. The Ostiak derives some enjoyment from his beads and his wild music; but the higher enjoyments depend on the harmony of our faculties, and on the perfection of one's moral culture; and above all, in the fullness and abundance of our spiritual life. There is a popular saying among us, such a one "has much spirit," — that is, much character. Sentiment, however, is not feeling: no more are nervous tears. You say that you are growing older. For God's sake, Elizabeth, do not allow yourself to do that. Do not lose your rosy thoughts. Do not fill your heart with useless fears. Are we not always and everywhere in His hand? The past must

\* Nomad tents.

be always to you a guarantee for the present and for the future.

The government of Tomsk, by its riches and the moderate climate of its southern division, might vie with the best governments of great Russia, but the bad administration of the last years has turned it into a den of thieves. These discrepancies between what is and what might be, break my spirit, and my hopes of a change are very faint as yet.

## VII.

TOMSK, Aug. 1.

Your letter, dear Elizabeth, was like a sonata of Haydn's amid the din of complaints and the discord of passions which surround me here. From all you tell me about your school children, I begin to think that you are going to be another Miss Edgeworth! In winter I shall drive as far as Khiakta, and make my obeisance, at a respectful distance, to the Emperor of China.

## VIII.

IRKUTSK, Sept. 6.

Yesterday we had a ball and a dinner in the Commercial Hall of Irkutsk. A ball! but who dances? There were twenty-four couples in the *Eccosaïse*; thus does our beloved country progress towards its civilization! I have arranged that there should be weekly assemblies, because I want to form a social circle. I want to do away with the effects of the grim administration that obtained here. The inhabitants have, however, some difficulty in believing that I have inaugurated in reality a new order of things; but with a certain amount of liberty in their social intercourse they will begin to breathe freely again.

About our assemblies—I begin the ball by a polonaise with an old lady in a cloth-of-silver dress, who wears a silk kerchief on her head. The women are all merchants' wives or daughters. Everything is cheerful and decorous, and till I came here they never led such pleasant lives. Irkutsk was another Spain. We have also a charitable society, of which the funds already amount to 8000 roubles, for these people are rich and generous. We have opened a Lancastrian school, to which my books have given the necessary impetus, and we are going to organize a Bible society; and thus, once everything gets into working order, our winter will pass cheerfully. Do not wish yourself a boy for my sake. You were born to be

my own Elizabeth, and a change of sex would not help your journey to Siberia, for which the only thing needful is a good carriage, and thirty days of patience, whatever be your sex. How enormous this Russian empire is! and yet we find here the same men, the same populace, the same customs, morals, and manners. This uniformity in unity is hardly credible, there is so much more variety in other kingdoms. I believe the reason of our uniformity is that this country has been peopled by settlers from all parts of the empire, who have, however, amalgamated in a wonderful way. Do not think that Siberia has been peopled merely by exiles and convicts—there is no greater mistake. The numbers of exiles and convicts are like a drop in the ocean, and we are hardly aware of their existence or presence, except when they are employed for public works. It is incredible how few they really are. The average number is about 2000 persons a-year deported to Siberia, and in that number there are hardly any women. To you these details will appear strange, but you must try to get correct notions about your own country. I mean before long to publish some statistical tables; and it will astonish you, and all Europe, when you learn that there is hardly one exile or convict in 20,000 inhabitants. Until I came here I was ignorant myself of this, and I did not believe it; and I consider it a great discovery, and an important fact among the phenomena of the moral world. . . .

I congratulate you on having become a teacher; it is good to teach little children, for in teaching one teaches one's self, and in time you will become quite a Maria Edgeworth.

Speransky was right, for if we were asked to say who and what Madame Speransky Bagréeff was, we should answer directly, the Russian Miss Edgeworth; with this difference, that her Slavonic blood and the griefs of her checkered life quickened in the Governor's daughter what was absent in Maria's character—strong and personal religious feeling.

Her works, of which we shall have something to say later, have a great likeness to Miss Edgeworth's, and her pursuits had the same bearing on the comfort and progress of her fellow-creatures. Already in this correspondence we hear of schools and efforts made to relieve the suffering. A little later we have a notice of one of the celebrated men with whom Elizabeth Speransky formed friendships,

and in whose society her taste was formed.

M. Speransky writes playfully: "Your interview with Zoukovsky is indeed an event, as geniuses, they say, seldom meet. The thing cannot have happened since Goethe and Schiller embraced; and since Zoukovsky be as you say a Schiller, why it follows, and we cannot be mistaken about it, that you are the Goethe!"

Zoukovsky was a poet, a man of great cultivation and gentleness of manner, a charming letter-writer, as his published correspondence both with Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, and with her maid of honour, Madame Smirnoff *née* Rossetti, show: but he is more likely to be remembered as the founder of the romantic school of poetry in Russia. He led the way for the still more ideal talent of Pouchkine, another ornament of the society which surrounded Mademoiselle Speransky at that time. Her father continued to help and advise her thus:—

Aug. 1, (O.S.) 1819.

I think this essay of yours better than the former one. Do not write about events to me. . . . Do not ask me if you will ever be in Siberia,—the very thought of it pains me; as a private individual I might even here find it possible to lead a bearable life, but *not* as an official. I have too much responsibility before God and my fellow-creatures, and my strength is unequal to it.

Christ be with *thee*, my darling! . . . I merely write from this small dirty town to let you know that I have not been eaten up by bears or wolves on the Irkutsk road, where I ought to have been long ago, had I not been stopped here by bitter complaints and wrongs. I find here the real Siberia, and I feel here that an ever-just Providence has not sent me in vain. I was needed to lessen sufferings, to revive hopes, which had nearly perished, to renew an almost exhausted patience. . . .

I am quite tired out by my nomad life. . . . All the events of our life are like pearls strung by the hand of our faithful heavenly Father. . . .

I have not yet been in the regions of the Lake Baikal. From thence I shall go on to Khiakta (Chinese Maimatchân), which is 600 *versts* to the south. There is little snow there, even at this time of year. Two English missionaries visited me lately. They are to settle at Sellingsin, in E. Siberia. They speak no Russian, and no European tongues either. I

asked them to dine with me. When the door opened, it admitted a tall, elongated, dried-up elderly female. She is a Scotch-woman and a *piétiste*, wife of one of the missionaries, and is the first visitor of the feminine gender that has crossed my threshold since I have been here. Luckily she was so silent that I found it unnecessary to unfold all the secret treasures of English speech which I possess. One of the missionaries is a very handsome youth of twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, with an open countenance and an angelically pure and innocent face. The recording angel preserve us from fancying that these people have any other object than that of evangelization in coming here.

KHIAKTA, Feb. 18.

I arrived here, dearest Elizabeth, three days ago, and assisted yesterday at a Chinese *fête* at Maimatchân. What a curious *bisarrure* was there, like a delirious dream! An indescribable mixture of colours and trifles, with comforts and neatness, and a most confused *tout ensemble*. I leave to-day for Nertschinsk. The winter has been steady here—a rare occurrence, and the roads are good, as there is deep snow. I am the first governor or official who has ever visited Nertschinsk. It lies 700 *versts* distant, but we hope to get there unhindered by the elements. It is not that my vanity or my ambition is flattered by thus being the first to visit, but I really hope to do good, and that my journey will be beneficial. Nertschinsk is the place where criminals in exile work in the mines. Who knows what the seed now sown there may bring forth? It is difficult to come so far twice in a lifetime, even where, as in Siberia, distance is made but small account of; so I must try to do all the good I can at one visit. To-morrow I start for Nertschinsk. In three or four days I shall be able to write to you again from there, so that my letter can reach you at Easter. I congratulate and wish you joy already then of the resurrection of the Lord. Across 6000 *versts* I embrace you in the spirit, and repeat "Christ is risen!" His resurrection in our spirits cannot be hindered by time, or space, or habitation.

NERTSCHINSK, Feb. 20.

"Christ is risen!" dearest Elizabeth. I returned yesterday from the depths; for I visited the mines, which lie at an enormous depth underground. I saw the *last depth* of human suffering and human

patience, that of the prisoners. [There being no capital punishment in Russia, criminals are condemned to work the Government mines of the empire. Some political prisoners have also been sentenced to them; but they generally get their sentence commuted after six months' labour. Most of the crimes committed in Siberia are by escaped convicts, or *ticket-of-leave* men from these mines.] We have hardly any snow now.

In these private letters one cannot but notice the extreme caution shown by the Governor of Siberia. The only names given are those of insignificant persons, and no particulars are supplied of the many abuses, excesses, crimes, cruelties, and peculations which he had been sent to cut short or reform. The reason is obvious. The letters might be, nay probably would be opened, and it was not necessary for Speransky to make any more enemies for himself or for his child.

In one letter Speransky allows, however, a cry to escape from him, which tells how much he had felt the ingratitude and harshness of the Tzar. "All love must be reciprocal. One may admire or praise without reciprocity, but it is impossible to love: there must be at least some hope of return. Do not blame the imaginary characters of your book; they are quite ready to love their country, *but they are not loved.*"

Other remarks show with what careful tenderness M. Speransky acted the part of critic to Elizabeth's early efforts. His own pen had not been idle, and the name of his subject strikes a strange note among the rivalries, chicaneries, crimes, and reverses of Russian official life.

"I received (Dec. 10th, 1819,) the proof-sheets of the 'Imitation.' M. Alexandre Ivanovitch Tourguéneff wrote to tell me that he had sent you a copy. I had wished to publish this anonymously, because a work of this kind, like charity, ought not to be trumpeted to the world. Fate, however, has decided differently.\* During my unpopularity, or rather *défauteur* at Court, among other absurdities I was accused of atheism and deism. To justify myself I was obliged to enumerate this translation as existing among my other papers (when seized). I began it in 1805, and have worked at it ever since and daily. This is the history of my translation."

\* M. A. I. Tourguéneff had also taken part in the translation of the "Imitation" of Thomas à Kempis.

The reader will say that so many letters from Siberia without mention of snow are really a deception. The following extract must satisfy them:—

"I wish you joy of the coming Day of the Birth of Christ, and I pray that, being born of the Spirit, He may always abide with your spirit. Our cold is intense and cruel—30° and 36° below freezing-point (Reaumur); but I have always been able to get out for a walk till yesterday. I have never been ill or even felt ill here (Irkutsk). Of course I live by rule and take all precautions; but I must go out. The worst is already over. . . . The cattle wander about the fields, and the Mongols, the former lords of the soil, live there with their enormous flocks. One of their princes presented the Government with 1000 horses for the use of the settlers: this is quite a trifle among Mongols. I am sorry that you have not seen these patriarchs of the eastern steppes. Figure to yourself deacons in cloth-of-gold, with golden belts and sabres, then add to this beaver trimmings, and long hair plaited into one *queue*, and you have a *Taischà*."

We know after what reverses M. Speransky was raised to the dignity of Governor-General of this wintry kingdom. How lightly he sat on his official throne, and how insecure he felt any official position to be, will be seen from an extract, the last that we shall make from the three volumes of his descriptive letters to Elizabeth:—

"Our friends judge of me by public matters, and thereby of my situation, which is, however, truly unbearable. You judge me by the state of my mind, and also judge me correctly: only my patience and my hopes live on. I hope that all this will end soon, and that this may be my last achievement. This hope gives me strength and fortitude. Did I write with tears instead of ink I should not be believed; were I perfectly happy I know that men would not cease to be envious and suspicious. Everything depends on the party in power, and directing opinions."

The Russians have a proverb which says that "life, like the ice, breaks just at the place where you least expect it." So the Governor of Siberia found it. He wrote these letters to his daughter descriptive of strange tribes, of official intrigues, of difficulties to be overcome, and duties to be fulfilled; but it was in none of these quarters that the ice broke, and again plunged him into a sea of dis-



tress and perplexity. Count Michael, the Governor of Siberia, was summoned back to St. Petersburg, not by order of his Tzar, or by intrigues of his enemies, but by what is called an unfortunate attachment formed by his only child.

The hero of this romance was an officer in the army, but M. Speransky saw insuperable objections to the match, and he forbade it. Elizabeth was broken-hearted. There must have been some strong reason for such a decision, for her father had once said to her, "You must not give me any place in your future plans, those who love me suffer more or less: no truly happy people ever cared for me, and here my truest friends are the poor and lowly criminals and prisoners." However, he was resolute now, and the girl, always delicate, fell into bad health, pined, and, it is said, attempted suicide. "I ask you," he says to her, "if it is not possible for you to find another who could lead and comfort you? . . . I can live without any joy or comfort, if thou art happy, my child."

M. Speransky felt his own endurance at an end, and Siberia was forgotten. "At last," he cries — "at last, the long-wished-for, long-expected last letter from Siberia. On Wednesday I reach Russia. I am in the same part of the globe with thee; in Europe. Thoughts crowd into my disordered brain, which I can neither express nor analyze. I want your prayers more than ever, that I may not exaggerate my hopes, nor by their presumption offend a Providence which is merciful to all. . . .

"He can give me fortitude enough even to see thee unhappy, and not to murmur, if it be necessary for thy eternal welfare; if it be His will. Pray, oh pray, my child."

The Governor of Siberia must have been well received at Court, for it was immediately opened to welcome his daughter. Mdlle. Speransky was named maid of honour to Empress Elizabeth, and under the almost motherly care of Princess Kotchubey, was taken into society, where it was hoped that her lost love would soon find a successor.

Aspirants for her hand at least appeared quickly. Among them there was a nephew of the Princess, a M. Bagréeff, then Governor of Tschernigov, and said to have come up to St. Petersburg in search of a wife, who lost no time in proposing for Elizaveta Michailovna, then twenty-two years of age. The lovelorn Elizabeth was first reluctant, and then

passive; but after a delay of some months she allowed herself to be talked into it, and then bestowed herself on a man who was ill-suited to her in every respect, and with whose nature her own never assimilated. Not long after its conclusion M. Speransky had also reason for regretting this marriage from a financial point of view; but we must not anticipate.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

### CHAPTER V.

RICHARD ROSS had not visited his parents for years. He had scarcely been at home at all since the miserable catastrophe which had so fatally enlightened the world as to the folly of his marriage; and perhaps the certainty that he must come now contributed something to his mother's rapture in the recovery of his child: for the instinct of nature overcomes all its unlikeness; and Richard, though a man whom she would have laughed at and scorned had he not been her son, was, being her son, dearer than all the world to Lady Eskside. The new event which had happened was important enough, and his mother's appeal was still more urgent and imperative; but I doubt if it would be true to say that there was any excitement of feeling, any happiness of anticipation in Richard's mind as he travelled home in obedience to the call. Nearly seven years had elapsed since his children were taken from him, and they had been too young to leave any permanent impression on his mind. That they were his children was all that could be said; and in Richard's mind, as time went on and he began to regard his misfortunes with a kind of hopeless apathy, they had come to be more like shadows of their mother than independent beings possessing rights and claims of their own. The first effect of the news was to rouse him to a painful sense of his own dismal shipwreck and hopeless failure in life, rather than to any excitement of a more tender kind. Those great personal misfortunes which change the complexion of our lives may fall into the background, they may cease to render us actively and always wretched; but they lie in wait, keeping, as it were, ever within reach, to wake into hot recollection at a touch. Most of us prefer to avoid that touch when we can, and Richard had done this

more persistently and with greater success than most people; but yet they lay there ready, the shame and the pain, wanting nothing but a jog to bring them out in full force. I would not go the length of saying that he was touched by no feeling of thankfulness that his child was restored; but his pleasure was infinitely less than the suffering he went through by means of this revival of all that was most painful in his life. He had long outgrown the boyish passion which led to his strange marriage; and as he had nothing to look back upon in connection with that marriage that was not miserable and humiliating, it is not wonderful that shame and self-disgust were his most lively sensations when it was recalled to him. He could not understand how he could have been guilty of folly so supreme and so intense; how he could have bartered his credit, his comfort, all the better part of life, not to speak of that hot love of youth, which in calmer years often looks so much like folly, even when it is happy and fortunate—for what? Nothing. He had not even, so far as he knew, touched the heart of the woman for whom he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice. At best she had but accepted and submitted to his love; she had never loved him; his influence had not wrought any change in her. He had not even affected her being so much as to induce her to give up the habits of her former life, or show any inclination to learn the habits of his. She had humiliated him in every way, and in no way so much as by allowing him to perceive his own impotence in regard to herself. This gave the last sting of bitterness to his recollections. A man can bear the outward disagreeables which result from a foolish marriage; he can put up, patiently or otherwise, with much that would revolt him in any other less close and binding connection; but when, in addition to these, he is made to feel that he himself is nothing and less than nothing to the creature for whom he has made these sacrifices, it is inevitable, or almost inevitable, that the early infatuation should change into a very different feeling. Sometimes, it is true, the victim of passion, notwithstanding all enlightenment, continues in his subjection, and goes on adoring even when he despises; but such cases are rare, and Richard's was not one of them. I cannot understand any more than his mother could, how "a son of hers" could have ever made so extraordinary a mistake in life; but now that his existence was per-

manently ruined and devastated by this great blunder, Richard had felt that his best policy was to ignore it utterly. He had lived a celibate and blameless life during all those years of enforced widowhood. Society knew vaguely that he had been married, though most people thought him a widower; but though much in the world, he had lived so as to avoid all disagreeable inquiries into the actual facts of the case. He had never betrayed even to his friends the blight which had stopped all progress in life for him. According to all precedent of fiction, some other woman ought to have stepped across his path and learned this secret, as Mr. Thackeray's Laura does by George Warrington. But Richard Ross had indulged in no Laura. He had friends enough and to spare, but never any close enough or dear enough to warrant scandal. Instead of Platonic affections he had taken to china, a safer weakness; and it was to this tranquil gentleman in the midst of his collections that the mother's letter came, thrusting back upon his recollection the dismal and humiliating melodrama of which he had been the hero. It is not difficult to imagine in the circumstances with what bitter annoyance he bore this revival of all his miseries, and girded himself up to answer the summons, and for the first time appear at home.

He arrived on a spring night as mild as the former one I have described had been boisterous. The sun had just set, and the rosy clouds hung above the trees of Rossraig, and over the hillside, just tinged here and there with the bursting of the spring buds, but still for the most part brown and leafless, which sloped to the brawling Esk. I do not know a fairer scene anywhere. Some old turrets of the older part of the house, belonging to that style of domestic architecture which is common to France and to Scotland, peeped forth above the lofty slope of the bank. Had winter been coming, the brown, unclothed trees might have conveyed an impression of sadness; but as spring was coming they were all hopeful, specially where the green breaks of new foliage, big chestnut buds, and new green leaves still creased and folded, threw a wash of delicate colour upon the landscape. Richard's heart was somewhat touched by the feeling that he was approaching home; but the more his heart was touched the less he was inclined to show it; for had not he himself injured the perfection of that home, which was sur-

sounded by people *who knew*, and who could not but comment and criticise? He heaved an impatient sigh, even while his heart was melting to the dear familiar place, and wished himself away again among people who knew nothing about him, even though he felt the many charms of home steal into his heart. He was a year or two over thirty—a young man, though he did not feel young—tall and fair, with a placid temper and the gentlest manners; a man to all appearance as free from passion and as prone to every virtuous and gentle affection as man could be. His aspect, indeed, was that of a very model of goodness and English domestic perfection—a man who would be the discreetest of guides to his household, the best of fathers, an example to all surrounding him. This was what he ought to have been. Had he married Mary Percival this is what he would have been; though I think it very likely that Mary would have wearied of him without knowing why, and found life—had she had him—a somewhat languid performance. But, unfortunately, she was quite unconscious of what would have happened had the might have been ever come to pass, and did not know that she missed some evil as well as some good. On the contrary, her heart beat far more than she would have wished it to beat when the roll of the carriage-wheels which conveyed Richard was heard in the avenue. She stole out by the conservatory-door to be out of the way, and hid herself in the woods which sloped downward to Eskside. She scarcely heard the brawl of Esk, so loud was her heart beating. Poor Mary! it was not Richard alone who had come back and had to be met with tranquilly, as one stranger meets another—but her youth and all her fancies, and those anticipations long past which were so different from the reality. Mary stayed under the budding trees till almost the last ray of daylight had faded, and the bell from the house, calling all stragglers, tinkled from the height among the evening echoes. This bell of itself was a sign that something had happened: Lord and Lady Eskside were homely in their ways, and it was never rung when they were alone.

Lady Eskside received her son with the child by her side, going forward to meet him with little Val clinging to her hand; but when she forgot Val and threw her arms round her own boy whom she had not seen for so long, the child, bewildered, shifted its grasp to her gown,

which he held fast, somewhat appalled as well as jealous at the appearance of this new-comer. It was not until after Richard had received his father's less effusive greeting that even Lady Eskside bethought herself of the occasion of the visit—the little silent spectator, who, half buried in the folds of her gown, watched everything with keen eyes. "Ah!" she cried; then with a self-reproach for her own carelessness, "I think of my boy first, without minding that you are thinking of yours. Come, Val, and speak to your papa. Oh, Richard! oh, my dear! here is the child——"

"Oh! this is the child, is it?" said Richard, with a momentary faintness coming over him. He did not snatch the little fellow into his arms, as his mother thought he would. He did something very different, for the poor man was short-sighted, a thing which none of us can help. He took up nervously that double eyeglass which the French call a *pince-nez*, and put it on his nose. He could not have seen otherwise had his heart been ever so tender; but it would be impossible to describe the shock, the chill, which this simple proceeding brought upon Lady Eskside. Was there, then, no paternal instinct in her son's heart—none of the feeling which had made her own expand and glow towards the boy? Was her impulse of nature wrong, or his deadened? The old lord looked on curiously too, but with less vehement feeling, for Lady Eskside had a deeper stake in the matter. She felt that to find herself mistaken, and to have to give up the child whom she had adopted into her warmest affections, would be her death-blow.

"Richard! you don't think—your father and I—have been wrong?" she cried.

It was on Lord Eskside's lip to say that this rash adoption was none of his doing, and thus give up his wife to her fate; but he was sorry for her, and held his tongue, watching the man and the child as they stared at each other with gradually growing interest. The boy stood, holding by Lady Eskside's gown, with a baby scowl upon his soft little forehead, half raising one arm with instinctive suspicion, as he had done on the night of his arrival to ward off an imaginary blow. Richard sat opposite and gazed at him intently through his *pince-nez*. Something pathetic, tragic, terrible, yet ludicrous, was in the scene.

"Richard," faltered Lady Eskside,

"don't keep me in this suspense. Do you suppose—do you think—it is not him?"

"What is your name?" said Richard, looking at his son. "Val?—you are sure you are Val and not the other? Yes. I suppose, then, he's the eldest," he said hurriedly, getting up and walking away to the window at the other end of the room. The old couple were too much surprised to say anything. They gave a wondering glance at each other, and Lord Eskside, putting up his hand, stopped the crowd of wondering questions which was coming from his wife's lips. Richard stood perhaps two minutes (it seemed an hour), with his back to them, looking out from the window. When he returned, his voice was husky and his face paler. "You have done quite right, mother, to take him in," he said, in low tones, "so far as I can judge." Then, with a suddenly heightened colour, "He is like—his mother. No one who has ever seen her could fail to recognize him."

"Richard! oh, take him in your arms and give your child a kiss!" cried Lady Eskside, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, take your own mother's word, it is you the darling is like—you, and none but you!"

"Is that like me?" said Richard, touching his son's dark hair, with a harsh laugh; "or could we be mixed up, we two, in anything, even a child's face? No; the eldest was hers—all hers. Don't you recollect, mother? I was pleased then, like an idiot as I was. The other," he added, with a softened voice, "was like me."

And then there was silence again. He had not touched the child or spoken to him, except that unfriendly touch; and little Val stood by his grandmother's knee, still clutching her dress, looking on with a bewildered sense of something adverse to himself which was going on over his head, but which he did not understand. Richard threw himself into a chair, his fair, amiable face flushed with unusual emotion; he swung back in his seat, with an uneasy smile on his face, and an expression of assumed carelessness and real excitement totally unlike his usual aspect. As for Lady Eskside, she was struck dumb; she put her arms round the child, petting and consoling him. "My little man!" she said, pressing him close to her side, comforting the little creature, who was nothing more than perplexed in his baby mind—as if

he had shared the distinct pain in her own.

"Enough of this, Richard," said Lord Eskside, coming to the rescue. "Whatever has happened, it is not the boy's fault. Your mother and I have the property to think of, and the succession. It is necessary that you should give an opinion one way or another—"

"Father, I beg your pardon," said Richard, rising to his feet with a sudden flush of shame. "I allowed my feelings to get the better of me. I acknowledge the child. He is too like to be denied. Valentine was the eldest, and had dark hair, like—I have no doubt on the subject. If my mother chooses to use her eyes, she can see the resemblance—"

"To you, Richard! Oh, do not be bitter against the bairn; he is like you!"

Richard smiled—a painful smile, which sat ill on a countenance of which very nature demanded gentleness. "You may bring him up, sir, as your heir; I acknowledge him. There, mother, what do you want more of me? I can't be a hypocrite, even for you."

"You should remember that you are his father," said the old lady, half indignant, half weeping; "whatever may have happened, as your father says, the child is not to blame."

"No," said the young man. "Do you mean me to go, now that I have done what you wanted? Am I to be dismissed, my business being over—"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Lord Eskside, hotly; "do you forget that you are speaking to your mother—"

"My mother has not a word nor a look for me!" cried Richard. "She wants me for nothing but this gipsy brat, that I may own him, and advance him to my own place. I say it is hard on a man. I come back here, after years; and the first words that are said to me are—not to welcome me home—but to upbraid me that I do not grow maudlin all in a moment over this child."

"Richard!" cried the old lady, with a sharp tone of pain in her voice; "do you want me to think that though I have got your son I have lost mine?"

"That must be as you will, mother: you seem to prefer him," said Richard, in high offence. It was the first quarrel they had ever had in their lives; for through all his youthful errors she had stood by him always. I do not know what demon of perversity, vexation, and



personal annoyance worked in him; but I do know the intense and silent disappointment with which his mother's heart closed its open doors — wide open always to him — and she turned away, all her joy changed into bitterness. When she came to think of it she blamed herself, saying to herself that she had been injudicious in thrusting the strange little new-comer upon him the very moment of his arrival; but then she had judged him by herself — what can mortal do more? — and had believed that the boy would be his first thought.

In this way a cloud fell on the house from the very moment of Richard's return. His was not the prodigal's return, notwithstanding his long banishment and his great error. He had done more harm to his father's house than many a profligate son could have done; yet he was not wicked, but virtuous, and could not be received as a prodigal. And he, for his part, was warmly conscious of personal blamelessness, though his position, so far as other people knew, was that of one to whom much had been forgiven — a complication which was very productive of irritating feelings. I do not mean to say that the cloud lasted, or that Richard went to his room that night unreconciled with his mother. On the contrary, when Lady Eskside followed him there, with a woman's yearning, to wipe out every trace of the misunderstanding, her boy fell upon her neck as when he had been really a boy, and kissed her, and did all but lift up his voice and weep, according to the pathetic language of Scripture. But even after the recollection of his petulance was thus effaced, the shock she had received tingled through his mother's heart, and even through her physical frame, which was beginning to be more sensitive by reason of age, vigorous woman though she was. Even without any painful occurrences in the interval, a visit like this, paid after years of separation, is often a painful experiment. The son of Lord Eskside, a homely Scots lord, with few interests which were not national, or even local, was a very different person from the Hon. Richard Ross, *attaché* of the British Legation at Florence, whose life had fallen into grooves entirely different from those of home. Though he returned to all the soft kindness of his natural manner, the keen observation of the two women who were watching him (for Mary was little less interested than Lady Eskside) soon made out that

Richard took little interest in his father's talk, and was quickly fatigued by his mother's questions. He did not care for the parties of country neighbours who were asked to meet him. "Of course, my dear mother, whoever you please, he would say, with a faint little contraction in his smooth forehead; but then probably that was because those country neighbours knew all about him, and understood that they were invited to eat the fatted calf, and celebrate a prodigal's return.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER this first experience of his feeling on the subject, Lady Eskside, though with a painful effort, wisely resolved to avoid further embarrassment by letting things fall into their natural course, and making no effort to thrust his child upon Richard's notice. The little fellow, already familiar with the house, and fully reconciled, with a child's ease and *insouciance*, to the change in his lot, ran about everywhere, making the great hall resound by times, and beginning to reign over Harding and the rest of the servants, as the spoiled darling, the heir of the race, is apt to do, especially in the house of its grandparents. The only person Val was shy of was his father, who took little or no notice of him, but after his first introduction expressed no active feeling towards the child one way or another. Perhaps, indeed, Richard was slightly ashamed of that uncalled-for demonstration of his feelings. Valentine was his son, whether he liked it or not, and must be his heir and representative as well as his father's; and though it never occurred to him to contemplate the moment when he himself should reign in his father's stead, he felt it wise to make up his mind that his boy should do so, and to give his parents the benefit of his own experience as to Val's education. "You must be prepared for an ungovernable temper and utter unreasonableness," he said to his mother, making a decided and visible effort to open the subject.

"My dear, there is nothing of the kind," cried Lady Eskside, eagerly; "the bairn is but a bairn, and thoughtless — but nothing of the kind can I see —"

"He is seven years old, and he is fooled to the top of his bent — everybody gives in to him," said Richard. "Mark my words, mother, — this is what you will have to str've against. Self-control is unknown to that development of character. So long as they don't care very much



for anything, all may go well; but the moment that he takes a fancy into his head——”

Mary was present at this interview, and it was not in human nature to refrain from a glance at his mother to see how she received this lofty delineation of a character which Richard evidently thought the antipodes of his own. Lady Eskside saw the glance, and understood it, and faltered in her reply.

“Many do that, my dear,” she said, meekly, “that are gentle enough in appearance. I will remember all the hints you give me. But Val, though he is very high-spirited, is a good child. I think I shall be able to manage him.”

“Send him to school,” said Richard — “that is the best way; let him find his level at school. Send him to Eton, if you like, when he is old enough, but in the mean time, if my advice is worth anything, put him under some strict master who will keep him well in hand, at once. My dear mother, you are too good, you will spoil him. With the blood he has in his veins he wants a firmer hand.”

“My hand is getting old, no doubt,” said Lady Eskside, with a little glow of rising colour.

“I do not mean that; you are not old — you will never be old,” said her son, with that flattery which mothers love. This put the disagreeable parts of his previous speech out of her mind. She smiled at her boy, and said, “Nonsense, Richard,” with fond pleasure. To be sure it was nonsense; but then nonsense is often so much better than the sagest things which wisdom itself can say.

As for the meeting with Mary Percival, that was got over more easily than she herself could have expected. There were so many other things in Richard's mind that he took her presence there the first evening as a matter of course; and though that too had its sting, she was so great a comfort and help to them all in the excitement and embarrassment involved in the first meeting, that Mary was made into a person of the first importance — a position which always sheds balm upon the mind of one who has been, or thinks she has been, slighted. This state of comfort was somewhat endangered next morning, when Richard thought it proper to express his sense of her great kindness in coming to meet him. “It was very good of you,” he said — “like yourself; you were always much kinder to me than I deserved.” Now this is not a kind of acknowledgment which sensitive women

are generally much delighted to receive, from men of their own age at least.

“Was I?” said Mary, trying to laugh; “but in this case at least I had no intention of being kind. I was here before there was any question of your coming; and I do not know that I should have stayed — for when she has you, Lady Eskside wants no other companion — but that I was very anxious to know about Val.”

“I ought to be grateful to Val,” said Richard; “he seems to have supplanted me with all my friends — even my mother is more interested, a great deal, in Val's digestion, than she is in my tastes, nowadays. I have to fall back upon the consolation of all whose day is over. It was not always so.”

There was the slightest touch of bitterness in this, which partially conciliated Mary, though it would be difficult to tell why.

“I suppose that is a consolation,” she said. “I feel it too; but in your case there is no occasion. They worship the child because he is your son.”

“Yes, it is a consolation,” said Richard, “so far as anything can console one for the loss of opportunities, the change of circumstances. I find it safer to say nothing on such subjects, and to live among people who know nothing; but now that I am forced to stand here again, to recollect all that might have been——”

It was a still afternoon, the sun shining with lavish warmth and force, the grass growing, the leaves opening, so that you could almost see their silent haste of progress. They were standing on the terrace outside the windows, looking down over the brown woods all basking in the sunshine, to Esk, which showed here and there in a wider eddy of foam round some great boulder which interrupted his course. It was too early for the twitter of swallows; but some of those hardy birds that dwell all the year at home were interchanging their genial babble, deep among the multitudinous branches, and a few daring insects hummed in the air which was so full of sunshine. Floods of golden crocus had come out on all the borders. It was not the moment for recollection; but these words raised a swell and expansion of feeling in Mary's heart which it was not safe to indulge. Soft moisture came to her eyes. Happily that rush of sensation was not strong enough to make her wretched, but it confused her so much that she could not reply.

"All the same," said Richard, quickly, "I do not agree with Browning in his rapture over an English spring. You should see Italy at this season: everything here is pale, a mere shadow of the radiance yonder. From Bellosguardo, for instance, looking down upon Florence; you have never been in Italy, Mary?—a sky to which this is darkness, air all lambent with light and warmth, such towers, such roofs rising up into it, and the Val-d'Arno stretching away in delicious distance, like the sea, as ignorant people say—as if the sea could ever be so full of grace and interest! 'Tis I, I suppose, the junction of art with exquisite nature which gives such a landscape its great charm. Here we have nature, to be sure, pretty enough in its way, but everything that man touches is monstrous. Those square horrible houses! Happily we don't see them here."

The soft flow of feeling which had risen in Mary's mind, and had filled her eyes with moisture, suddenly turned into gall. "No," she said, "I have never been in Italy. I don't know that I want to go. I prefer to think my own country the most beautiful in the world."

"Well," said Richard, "perhaps if you are obliged to live in it all your life it is the most philosophical way."

How little Mary was thinking of philosophy at that moment! It was well for her that his mother came out from the open window, ready to walk down to the village, which she had made her son promise somewhat unwillingly to do. "Mary will go with us," Lady Eskside had said as an inducement to Richard, not perhaps taking Mary's inclinations much into account; for, of course (she reckoned securely), Mary would put her own feelings in her pocket rather than take away a motive from Richard to do his duty; and there could be no doubt that it was his duty to visit the old people who remembered him, and who would be wounded if he took no notice of them. "We must go to our old Merran's, your nurse that used to be. She is married to the smith, you remember, Richard? and doing well, I believe, though always a great gossip, as she was when she was a young woman. Her son has come to be under-gamekeeper, and your father thinks he will give him one of the lodges if he turns out well, for he is going to be married," said Lady Eskside, walking briskly down the winding path through the wood, which was shorter than the avenue,—and full of a country lady's satisfaction

in that sway over her humble neighbours and full knowledge of their concerns which is so good for both parties. Richard went dutifully by her side, and listened at least; while Mary came behind with little Valentine in wonderful new fine clothes, velvet and lace, the strangest contrast to his former appearance. He had been a beautiful child in his poor garments; he was like a little prince now, with aristocrat (a stranger would have said) written in every fine line of those features, upon which the noble father and the vagrant mother had both impressed their image. The mother not being by, the child was universally wondered over for his resemblance to his father; but to that father's eyes Val had nothing that had not come to him from the other—that other who had once been Richard's idol, and now was his enemy and his shame.

Merran Miller, you may be sure, had heard every word of the story, and more, and knew exactly how the beautiful boy, in his fantastic, costly dress, had been brought to Rossraig, and remembered how she had herself seen him make his entry into his future possessions, muddy and crying, "a beggar-wean" by the side of the mother who went to lodge at Jean Macfarlane's. She knew it all, but this did not lessen the warmth of her enthusiasm for Mr. Richard's boy, the bonnie wee gentleman who was so like his papaw. "Eh, bless him, he's like a prince! I wish the queen herself might have the like!" she cried, with all the loyalty of an old retainer, and wiped her eyes with her apron at thought of the kindness of Mr. Richard coming so far to see "the like of me!" Richard, after he had said all that was civil to his old nurse, fell back, while his mother inquired into her domestic affairs, and informed her of Lord Eskside's intended favour to the young gamekeeper who was about to be married. "We cannot forget that you were a good nurse to our boy," said the old lady, gracious in her happiness; "and as Providence has been good to us, giving us back our grandchild, who is the heir, and his father at the same time, my lord and myself take a pleasure in seeing other folk happy too." "Eh, my lady, but you're kind and good! and what can I say to you for my Willie—for such a grand start in life!" cried Merran, once more applying her apron to her eyes. Richard strayed aside, and would have fallen back upon Mary, not feeling much

interest in this conversation, had not Mary, still affronted, eluded his address. But as he looked round the cottage, something which interested him still more attracted his eye. It was the "aumrie" or oak press in which Merran and her mother before her had kept their "napery" for ages. The connoisseur rushed at it, and examined every line of its old carving; he opened the doors and looked over all the drawers and intricacies inside. "Here is something as fine as any piece of furniture in your house. Ask her if she will part with it," he said rapidly to his mother in French. His blue eyes sparkled with pleasant excitement, and his colour rose. Since he came back, nothing—not his unknown child, not his parents, not Mary, nor the associations of home—had given him so warm a glow of pleasurable feeling. He was in his natural element once more.

It became still more apparent, however, and in a more agreeable way, how much Richard was changed when the first dinner-party convoked in his honour assembled at Rossraig. The best people in the county were there, straining a point to show the dear old Eskside (as the Dowager-Duchess herself said) that for their sake their son's misdoings would be overlooked, and himself received again as if nothing had happened. They all came prepared to be kind to him, to forget the disgrace he had brought upon himself and his family, and to condone all past offences on condition of future good conduct. But lo! Richard was civil to the people who had intended to be good to *him*—he received them with the quiet self-assured air of a man of the world, which is ever so far removed from that of the conscious offender against social laws whom they had come to meet. He spoke with a certain gentle authority as a man much better acquainted with the great world and the highest levels of life than were his critics—giving them pieces of information about political matters, and deciding which was the real version of fashionable scandals in a way which struck the neighbours dumb. "My dears, we are all under a delusion," said the same Dowager-Duchess whom we have already quoted, addressing a little group in the corner of the drawing-room to which they had retired to compare notes, and make their astonished comments on leaving the dinner-table. "Depend upon it it's no tramp he has married, but some foreign princess. He's

no more ashamed of himself than I am." And, indeed, a rumour to this effect ran through all Mid-Lothian. In the dining-room all the gentlemen were equally impressed. Before they rose from table, Sir John Gifford, the greatest landowner in the district, and son-in-law to the Marquess of Tranent, asked Richard's opinion as to what the Ministry would do about the then existing crisis (I do not remember what it was) in foreign politics; and they all listened to what he said about the state of feeling in Italy, and the condition of the smaller courts, as if it had been gospel. "That son of Eskside's, whatever he may have done to compromise himself in his youth, is a rising man, you may take my word for it," Sir John said solemnly at the next assembly of the county. "And the less we inquire into most men's youth the better, my dear Sir John," said the Dowager-Duchess, of whose tongue most people stood in awe; and Sir John coloured, and felt more and more sympathetic with Dick Ross; for he, too, had known the drawbacks of a *jeunesse orangee*.

This revolution was made not gradually, but in a single evening. The first dinner-party at Rossraig was intended more or less to represent that entertainment at which the fatted calf was eaten; but in the curious change of sentiment that ensued, there was no more thought of fatted calves. The indulgent reception intended to be given to the exile, almost the outlaw, of whom every one had spoken for years with bated breath, turned imperceptibly into the welcome accorded to a distinguished guest. Richard's manners were allowed to be perfect; he had all the *savoir vivre*, the easy grace, the perfect self-possession of a man of the world. He knew every body, he had seen everything, he was learned in art of every description, from the old masters in painting to lace and china; and every lady in the county who possessed either was proud of his approbation. Perhaps he was not quite so great out of doors, where neither agriculture nor sport were in his way; but men forgive much to a political authority, as women do to a connoisseur, and Richard's visit was an event in the neighbourhood. Lady Eskside's feelings on witnessing this revolution were of the strongest. She watched it with a certain consternation, half frightened, half triumphant; the poor boy's humiliation and sufferings were all being repaid to him; yet Lady Eskside was a just woman, and

I do not think she was quite sure that Richard deserved to be thus received with an ovation. But where was there ever a mother who did not glow with pride and happiness to see her son the observed of all observers, the hero of her world? Mary Percival, who stood by and looked on closely, a spectator less prejudiced in Richard's favour, yet full of the keenest interest, wondered still more, judging him differently in her heart. Mary's feelings were of a kind which would not bear analyzing. She could not keep from watching him, she heard everything that was said of him, she noted his words and actions with a keen and never-failing concern; but her wonder, and a partial amusement which pained herself, yet would not be altogether subdued, were not sympathy. She seemed to herself to be behind the scenes, and to see more than the rest did; and by this means it came about that the rush of blood to her heart, and the thrill through all her frame with which Mary had acknowledged Richard's approach in spite of herself, died away and left her quite calm as all the world awoke to his merits. This second and less important revolution Lady Eskside perceived dimly, but did not understand.

However, Richard's sudden popularity was the most fortunate incident possible for his child. Many people, after the first eager interest with which they had received the romantic story of little Val's first appearance at Rosscraig, began to doubt it because it was so romantic, and pointed out to each other the much more likely and sensible way of accounting for it. "The beggar-wife is all a myth, depend upon it," said the Dowager-Duchess,— "a myth founded upon the popular conviction that Dick Ross was unfortunate in his marriage. Most of us are unfortunate in our marriages; but it seldom comes to that sort of thing. No, no; depend upon it, the child came with his father, as was natural and proper. What better explanation would you have?" There can be no doubt that this method of introducing a child who is heir to a peerage is a much more comprehensible and reasonable one than a wild tale by which he was represented as having been thrust in at the hall-door on a stormy night. There had been much excitement caused by the story; but that very excitement was a proof to many sober people that it was ridiculous. Why search further? they said. His father had come home on a visit, a very rising

young man, and extremely agreeable and he had brought the child with him. Valentine's appearance confirmed the district in this sensible view of the question. In his velvet tunic and collar of falling lace, he was utterly unlike anything but a dainty little dandy born to luxury and bred with every care, whose cheek the winds had never been allowed to touch rudely. To look at the child was quite enough, said many. He to have been wandering about the country with a tramp!—the idea was preposterous. He was a little aristocrat all over—from his dark curls to the buckles on his dainty shoes. And when the gentry of the country inquired, as they almost all did individually, into the origin of the other absurd story, it was universally traced to the servants' hall. My Lady Gifford's maid had got it from Joseph the footman at Rosscraig, and the Dowager-Duchess had heard it from an under-gardener who kept the lodge, and with whom she did not disdain an occasional gossip. There is no limit to the imagination of persons in that class of life, many people said; and it became a mark of fashion on Eskside by which you could decide whether any individual really belonged to the cream of society or not. Belief in the common-sense theory that (of course) Richard had brought his son to his mother's care, was for a long time the shibboleth of the county. Those who had faith in the romantic part of the story were given over to a reprobate imagination, and stamped themselves vulgar at once by adopting a theory so ridiculous. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the young heir. Lady Eskside awoke to the importance of maintaining this "sensible" view before she had been tempted to utter the true occasion of her joy to any dear friend. Nobody knew the real facts of the case except Mary and the servants. Mary was safe as Lady Eskside herself, and as careful of the honour of the family; and as for the servants, with their well-known love of the marvellous, how could any one pin his faith on them? Thus circumstances arranged themselves for little Val a hundred times better than the most sanguine imagination could have believed.

But the story lingered on the lower levels of society, where nobody was deceived. Merran Miller herself, though she had been Richard's nurse, and felt herself a partisan of the family, paused to give an elaborate description of the child and his finery to her friends, when,



throwing her apron over her cap, she rushed out to proclaim her Willie's good fortune to all the world: "I wish I was at the boddom o't," cried Merran; "it's an awfu' queer story. I'm real glad now that it came into my head to give the weans a piece, and that I was civil to the woman. But to see yon bairn decked up like a cheeny image! and his gaun greeting with a beggar-wife nae later than Wednesday at e'en —!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

ALL the world has had its laugh at the persistency of English people in carrying their ways and customs into every quarter of the globe however uncongenial. Amid French vineyards and a cuisine of resonant titles and delicate contrivance, they demand their beef and their beer, and under a tropical sun they cling tenaciously to broad-cloth suits and chimney-pot hats. It were not to be expected in their grand Eastern dependency, where every Briton is thrice the man he would be elsewhere, that any especially time-honoured custom would lose its authority. Accordingly in India her European masters, like the Marchioness over wine of orange peel and water, "make believe very much" to keep Christmas in the old traditional style. It may well be supposed that this fond endeavour is not without difficulties and incongruities. With the thermometer at 84° Old Father Christmas cannot come with icicles on his beard and mantle powdered with snow. He finds no blazing fires in bungalows without hearths or chimneys. The trees are thick with foliage, the fields are heavy with grain. He looks vainly for his ancient accompaniments, and seems like to droop and disappear. But the stout Briton bids him take heart and behold how his festival can be honoured amongst alien surroundings. First there is holiday throughout the land. All public offices are closed for ten days, so that friends scattered far apart in solitary up-country stations may have an opportunity of meeting again. Holly there is none, but the red berries and glossy leaves of the *Ixora* bush, there an abundant wayside shrub, make a tolerable though thoughtless substitute. Beef, good beef, is rare, as in the oxless Grecian Isles, but a piece is forthcoming, and though hard and dry as if cut from the

flanks of lo after a year's frenzied flight before the gad-fly, suffices to keep up appearances, and every one conscientiously struggles through three mouthfuls. Neither will the feast be baffled of plum-pudding and mince pie. All the way from England they come in carefully closed tins, and bilious men and women on that occasion eat of them valiantly, and defy their livers. And there is laughter and friendly merriment. Past Christmases and distant friends are recalled; and the old Genius of the day lifts up his head and feels more in his proper atmosphere, though no curtains be drawn and no fire be blazing, though doors and windows stand wide, and overhead a thing strange to his sight and notions, a broad punkah, sweeps backwards and forwards to arouse the breezes he would elsewhere shut out; and the only ice he sees is produced through chemical magic by the agency of a fire and furnace. But even in India there are spots where Christmas can better assert his dominion. Under the snows of the gigantic Himalaya the fire-lit windows of Simla or Nynce Tal shine through icicle fringes on a winter as white as Lapland. Turning, however, at present from those palaces of eternal snow to the burning plains of South India, the philosophy which recognizes a beneficent prevision in the neighbouring growth of cork trees and vineyards, may haply see a preparation for a race of northern conquerors in the lofty ranges scattered over those plains on whose bracing heights the strangers might recruit in the temperature of their own clime. Bombay has its Mahabuleswar Hills, Madras its Neilgherries, Pulney Hills, and Bangalore. It is to these mountain retreats, when within reach, that Christmas holiday makers commonly resort, and all down the far-stretching line of the Western Ghats there are elevations, locally known, where the officials of the district can occasionally seek refreshment. At varying distances from the sea that mountain line runs down the western coast, and at a point nearly midway between Bombay and Cape Comorin recedes more inland, and rises abruptly into a lofty crest, overlooking a vast expanse of level country, traversed by two broad rivers, which, turning towards one another as they approach the sea, join in one mouth, whereon stands the chief town of the district. Hot, steamy, and oppressive, is that coast region. From June to September it is deluged with the heaviest torrents of



the south-west monsoon: one hundred and fifty inches—twelve feet of water descending on the soil—is no unusual annual amount; seldom, indeed, much less. Towards the end of the year the clouds have drawn off, the thick watery atmosphere has cleared, and the European dwellers on the coast turn longing eyes towards the towering range of steel-blue mountains, that, previously invisible, now stands up sharp and distinct on the horizon.

As Christmas approaches a party is formed, and at the holiday all start, some on horseback, some in palanquins, to traverse the forty and odd miles that lie between the sea and the foot of the hills. The palanquin journey is easiest, though not the most agreeable; the dry road is deep in dust, which the feet of the bearers shuffle up in a continual cloud that fills the nose and eyes of the occupant; who is moreover incessantly dazzled by the torches borne by runners in front. Starting at sunset, the traveller is carried all night long through sleeping villages whose silent streets are lit up transiently by the passing torch-light gleaming on the low-browed verandahs under which lie slumbering figures shrouded, like mummies, from head to foot in white cloths—past way-side temples in whose cavernous depths a glimpse is caught of a light burning faintly before the god—under the inky darkness of avenues of banian trees, whose huge arms meet and cross above the road, the grotesque twisted trunks gleaming out and disappearing in quick succession as the torch goes by. For the last ten miles the road passes through dense jungle, sometimes amongst whispering bamboos, sometimes across openings on which dead trees and withered stumps assume for the moment wild spectral shapes; but presently a faint glow appears in the east, the jungle-cocks begin to crow, and with the first dawn the traveller arrives at the bottom of the mountain. In an open space surrounded by trees a large shed has been erected, camp-fires are burning round, and about them are gathered a numerous following of native servants, coolies, and shikarries. People array themselves for the ascent; coffee is quickly made, horses and ponies are brought from their pickets; baggage, infinitely subdivided, is lifted upon an infinite number of heads, and with the dawn still widening a long, motley, straggling train begins the ascent.

For the first four miles the road, zigzag over zigzag, climbs up a huge forest-clad

spur, emerging at last into a long lateral valley that stretches upward into the heart of the mountain-land, bounded on the farther side by precipitous ramparts and towering spires of bare granite. Still upward slants the track, now through belts of woodland, now crossing grassy opens. By this time the sun has risen high: nowhere is his heat so overpowering as in the lower valleys of Indian hills; the breathless, burning atmosphere seems to oppress and weigh upon one like a thick cloak. Still the track mounts wearily onward, rounding slope after slope that descends precipitously down the side of the valley. Presently a narrow belt of trees is entered, a halt called, and the "First Water" hailed; a slender runnel of cool, clear water, the first encountered on the ascent, comes trickling down through the trees over rocks and stones, drawn from the heart of the rough hill above. Limpid First Water—*splendidior vitro*—unreachable by fiercest sun; how often have the gush and babble of thy waters seemed worthy of offerings of flowers and wine! Half an hour's rest, and then onward: the valley narrows upward to a grassy *col*; surmounting this, another higher valley opens to the view, closed at the end by mighty mountain sides rising abruptly, and crowned with deep, dark forest. The path that must be trodden can be discerned far on before climbing up a formidably steep flank; high up on that lofty summit, beside those cloud-swept woods, lies the bourne of the journey. The long valley is threaded, the toilsome ladder-like ascent beyond slowly won. Every step now rises into a cooler air; at length the deep woodland shades are gained, and the climate of an English spring. The trees stand thick, their close round tops covering the slopes and hollows with a canopy of many-tinted green, dashed here and there with red. A wide path cut through them leads to a spacious rustic bungalow or cottage, roughly but solidly built, with a high pitched roof, gabled in front, and thatched with the strong jungle grass kept down by long bamboos laid across. Highest of all dwellings near and far stands that solitary Cottage, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea-level; on all the mountain range there is no other habitation. It was built by subscription, and all the material, save timber, carried piecemeal to the spot up the steep twelve-mile ascent. It stands at the edge of an immense forest that, far as eye can follow, clothes the receding summits of the Ghauts; beneath, the moun-

tain sides, seamed with ravines, run downward to lower, though still lofty, valleys; and before it lies an enclosed garden, blooming with roses, red, crimson, and yellow; fuchsias, blue hydrangeas, and the ivory trumpets of the datura—flowers that would perish in an hour on the plain below.

By mid-day the party has arrived in detachments, and soon after the coolies come up with the baggage, and after receiving their hire, without rest or pause hasten down again out of the to them hateful coolness. Let us survey awhile this mountain-eyrie—this hanging garden of nature lifted so high amid the clouds. For some hundreds of miles the Ghauts have run down the coast in a long line of "hills with peaky tops engrailed," but are here arrested, and wide valleys and expanses of level country intervene between the rugged slopes of the Mysore frontier and the wild highlands of Coorg, whence they resume their march southwards to the Cape. But at the point where it is stayed, the line, instead of sloping gradually down to the plain, ends in a towering ridge, rising haughtily, like a dragon's crest, for a thousand feet above all other summits in sight. This final ridge, barely a mile in length and two score yards wide at top, falls on its seaward side to the plain below for 6,000 feet in a grand sweeping precipitous descent, ribbed at intervals by rocky buttresses, spined and jagged like the backs of sea-monsters. Its interior face slopes down to meet the hilly Mysore plateau, and for a thousand feet downward is mantled with primeval forest, at the border of which stands the solitary Cottage. The wavy outline of the crest swells highest in the centre and at each end; the eastern rising into a blunt horn, from the tip of which a stupendous precipice sinks sheer and straight for 800 feet to the roots of the ridge. In this sublime feature the stately succession of mountains fitly terminates. There may be other declivities of equal or greater depth, but hardly elsewhere so towering, so stern and lonely a precipice, lifted up so high in middle air. Its sharply defined profile is conspicuous over all the broad regions below, and a landmark to mariners far out at sea. The dwellers on the plains fancy they discern in its outline the profile of a horse's face reined up to the chest, and call it "Kudray Mookh," or Horse's Face, by which name, generally shortened into Mookh, the whole ridge is familiarly known. From the summit the

eye ranges over a far-stretching country chequered with bright green rice tracts and villages whence lines of smoke slant for wondrous distances before the wind, closed up at the far east by wild irregular mountains, and veined by shining curves and reaches of rivers that wander on to the Western Sea. The walk along the narrow, round-backed ridge can have few rivals. East and south extends the vast prospect just described. Westward the Ghauts run back like a giant rampart, with precipitous sea-ward face, top turreted with peaks and domes, some dark from head to foot with forest, some green and open, and inward flanks stretching downward to the Mysore table-land, which extends north in a confused crowd of countless rounded slopes and summits—a wrinkled wilderness of hills, intricately huddled, like the seamed bubbly surface of a foam-bank on a flood.

Over all this varied scene the Mookh Ridge rises pre-eminent, and the solitary beholder feels "the power of hills" grow over him as he gazes round. No tree could stand there, for nothing is interposed between it and the sea, whence the vast south-west monsoon at the appointed season sweeps with its legion of hurricanes, and age after age hurls them on the haughty bulwark which first breaks its rush. Strange must be the contrast between those months of endless storm and cloud and the present days of peaceful sunshine. But now back to the Mookh Cottage. It is Christmas morning: all is bustle and merriment. What an elixir is the mountain air! how have low-country langour and depression vanished! There is no holly or mistletoe; but there is what England could not supply, out of doors at least, at this season—a profusion of crimson and yellow roses, such as the Mookh garden alone produces; with these and other flowers and green branches wreaths are woven, and the rough walls of the Cottage are soon gay and odorous. And then to breakfast—a breakfast befitting the Olympus whereon we sit. What curries and fricassees; what a ham and tongue, drawn forth from tin coffins; what patés and delicate confections, in small, exquisite vases and pots! and what appetites to confront all these! appetites that three days before would have quailed at an egg. After this, the day being gloriously fine, Englishmen of course must go and kill something. Nor now altogether wantonly; for a fat deer would be highly acceptable to the troop of servants and

shikarries who have accompanied the party: so they disperse into the deep wooded valley, dotted with open glades, from the borders of which the tall deer steal warily out to graze, and the gleaming form of a tiger sometimes glides swiftly by.

From the Cottage two or three paths lead upwards through the forest to the Mookh Crest — faint tracks, scarcely visible on the hard soil underfoot, but traceable in advance winding through the trees. They might easily be lost in that sylvan solitude: there is no grass or undergrowth, but the innumerable trunks rise from the bare ground in solemn multitudes, sustaining a continuous leafy canopy, through which flecks of sunshine chequer the ground with carmine reflections. Passing on, long brown vistas open and close in shifting succession. All is hushed, save when a wood-pigeon suddenly flies from the boughs above, or a rustle tells of a startled deer. It seems aloof from the common world, like a "wild wood of Broceliande," in which it were nothing strange to meet a troop of Faery ladies or catch a glimpse of Merlin with vast and shaggy beard musing on a fallen trunk. Issuing at length from the shade where the close verge of the forest runs under the shelter of the inward side of the crest, it is possible to descend by a steep and difficult track over rocky faces and ledges, through thick grass and bushes, to the Stone Chair, a point on a ridge beneath, whence at two-thirds of its depth and a hundred yards in its front the whole gigantic Mookh Precipice may be contemplated from top to bottom. It is an overwhelming object — the gaunt, awful cliff — soaring five hundred feet above, sinking three hundred feet below. Grey hawks wheel out from its crevices. A black eagle circles round on wide, steady wings. Flights of swifts and swallows dart by with a rush and whistle as of bullets. Every evening they come in myriads, probably from hundreds of miles around, to roost in the rifts and crannies of that securest of watch-towers. Evening approaches; it is time to seek the Cottage. The sportsmen return, bringing a deer skilfully "broken," the flesh and quarters placed in a bag made of the hide, slung to a pole and carried on two men's shoulders. There is great rejoicing amongst the natives, for the venison is not much esteemed by Europeans, and, except a few steaks, the tongue, and feet and shins, which make incomparable jelly, the whole

is given to them, so that they as well as their masters may make good cheer. Of the Christmas dinner, it is enough to say that it was worthy of a festival held so high above every-day earth and life; but many in lower regions and many in far-away lands were well remembered, and as the mountain wind rose without, and a thick white cloud rolled in ghostly volumes up to the uncurtained windows, logs were heaped on the wide fire-place, and India seemed infinitely remote.

Anglo-Indians rise early. Only at the hours of sunrise and sunset can they enjoy pleasurable exercise, and none recognize so fully as they the force of Faust's precept:

Would'st thou know how to disabuse

The heart that's dead, the eye that's dim?

Then rise when first the sun renews

His course above the ocean's brim,

And bathe thy breast in ruddy dews,

That drip from off his mighty rim.

But on the mountains the necessity is not so strong, and in the morning before sunrise only one of the party issued forth on the platform before the Cottage. The air was keen, and Titania's complaint that

hoary-headed frosts

Fall on the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

was verified all round, the rose-bushes being powdered and laced with rime, which on Indian hills seems to touch, but not injure, the flowers. Far beneath in the foreground the lowermost valleys were filled with white, fleecy, level cloud, like lakes of snow, in which the winding valley-sides ran in and out like bays and promontories. Beyond lay the rugged hill-country, crossed by long ridges, undistinguishable during the day, but now thrown out in dark relief by the pale morning light, six being traceable one beyond the other. And now unexpectedly it fell to the lot of the watcher of the dawn to behold one of those "gawds" which Charles Lamb ungrudgingly grants a gentleman may sometimes see only for getting up. The heavens were clear all round, save that a single cloud hung over the mountains between the Mookh and the eastern gate — some five or six acres, as it seemed, of well-defined dark vapour, projecting two arms westward. Presently all its surface began to kindle with a red glow, rapidly deepening; then a brilliant golden fringe ran round it, and soon the whole cloud was lit up with intense red, scarlet, and golden splendours, flecked with sable curls, and hung in mid-air like

a celestial island of glorious jewelly radiance. A clear sea-green distance extended between it and the east; overhead the sky was faint blue; beneath, the lower hills and mountain skirts still lay in shadow. But the magnificent pageant could not last. The sun was hastening up: his rim appeared behind the far-distant peaks, throwing them up in black relief, and the splendid vision began to fade, and by the time he had risen clear the whole cloud had turned dull and pale, and presently began to dislign and pass away in threads of grey vapour. Seldom in a lifetime may such a vision be seen. Morning and evening skies widely aflame with fiery fleeces and golden illumination are not so rare, but seldom such a spectacle of concentrated resplendency. How prodigal is Nature of her pomps and grandeurs, and how regardless of sympathy with them! Probably no other eyes marked the wondrous glory just departed. And age after age all round the globe sublime and beautiful displays go on unheeded. Gorgeous sunsets over desert seas, lovely scenery in savage lands, auroras of unearthly radiance round the untrodden Pole; and in the incalculable epochs of geology,

Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
Into calendar months and days,

when earth, sea, and elements were more mingled, and the atmosphere otherwise compounded, what unimaginable visions, seen only by eyes of saurian or pterodactyle! Nature ever emphatically intimates how unnecessary to her is Man!

When the aerial pomp had vanished, the watcher turned his steps to a deep narrow ravine below the Cottage garden. Through it runs a clear stream drawn from the heart of the Mookh Forest above — the farthermost spring of the Toongabuddhra River, that, rising in sight of the Western Sea, traverses the Peninsula to the Bay of Bengal. The ravine falls steeply down the mountain flanks, its precipitous sides clothed with thickest forest, and from its depths the sound of a waterfall comes up to the Cottage. None had hitherto explored it; but after a difficult scramble down slippery rocks and dripping ledges, through dense brakes of thorny bamboo and brushes laced together with long trailing cords of the rattan beset with sharp hooked thorns, the bottom was reached, whence the noise of waters ascended. It was but a rocky wall some forty feet high thrown across the bed of the stream, which

gushed at a dozen points over its brow, and came gliding down its almost perpendicular front in veils of water, broken in their descent by cornices and ragged ledges that scattered showers of bright water-drops into a little pool at the foot. During the first hours of the morning the sun's rays darted into the deep ravine and lighted up a broken sun-bow in the spray-mist — an irregular coloured cloudlet, now expanding, now contracting, as the wind ceased or blew aside the spray. It was a spot of deep seclusion; a troop of large silvery-grey monkeys, with faces encircled with white hair, gravely watched the first intruder on their haunts from the arms of a huge tree, and then silently glided away through the branches. The intruder, according to Mookh custom, asserted a discoverer's privilege of giving a name to a new feature; and on a tiny islet that gave root to two or three trees close to the fall and the sun-tinged mist, he engraved the name "Alice's Waterfall," after one who had often listened to its sound from the Cottage above. That morning full of life and grace, a few weeks later she was sleeping in an English cemetery. Few will care to attempt that rough descent, and mortal eyes seldom rest on the inscription; but still to loving fancy the lisping lapse of the water shall continue to syllable the name, and each morning sun brighten the spray-cloud over the graven letters.

The days pass, and on New Year's Eve it was determined to kindle a mighty bonfire upon the Mookh-head. All that day many men laboured to bring fuel to the lonely height from the forest beneath: there was abundance in the ancient wood; dried limbs and fragments of fallen trees, decayed trunks, skeletons of forest giants. A huge stake was planted on the top of the peak above the mighty precipice, and an enormous pile carefully built round it more than twenty feet high, the interstices crammed with the dry moss that hung in streamers from boughs throughout the wood. At evening all were gathered on the spot.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark;

and when the last gleam of daylight had faded, and all beneath and around was swallowed up in inky shadow, the pile was kindled. It caught rapidly and blazed up: there was just wind enough to fan it well; and soon a vast roaring sheet of wavering flame streamed high into the night air, with fiery whirls continually



breaking from it and vanishing away. The immense blaze shone fitfully over the jagged mountain ridge and rugged slopes that seemed plunging downward into a gulf of immeasurable gloom, and threw strange lights over the close-set multitudes of tree-tops and dark border of the forest, where uncouth shapes seemed lurking. But no sound came from wood or mountain; their denizens, however startled, uttered no cry; though in many a village over scores of miles beneath the people may have looked up in wonder, and thought perchance the gods had descended and were holding festival on the towering height, so familiar, but dreaded in their eyes. The flames began to sink; the burning pile, still retaining its shape, glowed fiercely, and was a wild and striking sight, but presently began to crumble, and soon sank into a heap of embers; and the spectators, with lanterns and lighted splinters, picked their way down to the Cottage along the rough woodland path. Next day the party dispersed, and the Christmas holiday ended.

Pleasant old Mookh! Two Christmas Days have passed since the writer, leaving for the last time and treading the downward path, paused at the last point whence the Cottage and garden, the forest-mantled ridge, the grim brow of the Mookh-head, and all the familiar features could be seen, looked long and regretfully, and then went on, knowing that eyes of his would rest upon them again never more.

M. J. W.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S BABY.

I HAD been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winifred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the Philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical; but faculties exercised in the formation of psychological hypotheses and the laborious destruction of those of one's neighbour, do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers cannot keep their shape for a day, and his hats are never new. If he notices the rain, he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the Deluge; if he find out

that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the every-day coat of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the Park at the fashionable hour with a far-off look in his eyes, and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Piccadilly, though Piccadilly is the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance; and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplation, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose Hill. But if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the Thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects, who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir, it's better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declaim in this preposterous fashion; and after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a house upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes out of his tub, and the secret out of Diogenes, I stepped round the corner to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached, and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Briton. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is generally obliged to take refuge in intermittent hand-shaking, and most of his sentences tail off into grunts and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the philosopher had something ready to say, and was nervously anxious to say it. Indeed I had hardly said more than "My dear fellow, I don't know when . . . I



really am so awfully glad, I . . . it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know . . . I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing, you know" — when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered, that I knew I was not his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is, that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to get in an expression of wonder at his new notion of duty, but he was bent on being rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that, instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be, if the thinkers of this are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded by his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a look of peace stole back into his face, a pleasant light dawned in his eyes, and the promise of a smile at the corner of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and indeed his voice sounded quite choky when he said, "Johnny, you don't know what an angel she is." A light broke in upon me. "Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married because you fell in love?" "Perhaps you are right," said the philosopher.

After the wedding, the philosopher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumours. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the chestnuts and vines of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now she was gazing with sweet northern eyes across the glowing splendour of the Bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well-nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard that they were again in London, and, full of enthusiasm, darted

round the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was with them but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced, and surprise the philosopher. I entered unannounced, and was surprised myself. Was this the effect of matrimony or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, as it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and comeliness, was appearing and disappearing like a flash behind the day's "Times," showing at the moments of disclosure a face flushed with excitement, and lustrous coils of hair tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway who was so perfect a model of dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor dressed for walking but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the philosopher? It was perplexing, after three years' separation, to meet him thus. The philosopher was cantering round the room on all-fours, wearing on his head his own waste-paper basket. Briskly he cantered round, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring-time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up sideways, rose with a cry to the normal attitude of man, and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife dropping the paper from her hands raised them quickly to her hair; and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on to her feet. Then in an instant the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned upon the hearthrug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush, which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids; while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew that they were untidy, and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste-paper basket from hand to hand, and contin-

ued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable offspring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion of the new curtains in his study. Rather sheepishly I said goodbye to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me, as I humbly took the two fingers which she offered; and I felt like a brute, as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by the edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down-stairs by my impulsive friend, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and with it some indignation. I confronted him, and sternly asked why I had not been told that he was a father. "Not been told?" echoed he; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the Baby?" "Not so much as that it was," I replied, gloomily. He was overwhelmed: of course he had supposed that every one knew it from the Queen downwards. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who of course had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions—"Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked. "The shape of whose what?" cried the philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar. "Of the baby's head, of course," I replied, tartly; "I merely wish to know if the child is likely to be as intellectual as you hoped." "Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked, inconsequently. This was too much, and assuming my severest manner I delivered myself in this wise—"I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you by constant observation to gain further evidence bearing on such vexed questions as, whether the infant gains its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, &c." "Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in those matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts." "Her thoughts?" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher?" He looked rather vexed. "Of course it's a girl," he said. "The father of a

female philosopher!" I gasped. "Dear me!" said he, somewhat testily; "isn't it enough to be father of a noble woman?"

Now I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning-point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than enough by this illogical parent, and assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired, with an appearance of deference—"Is it not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

"Not at all," said the philosopher.

I had kept aloof from the philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles I said to myself—cross as a bear, I overheard my landlady say in the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once. I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armour, I left my tent with fitting dignity, and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlour-door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened, before I had time to ring, by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me into the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the book-case, in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the philosopher. Here was a long step from the siege of Troy, from the simple wrath of a childlike hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do? The dismal menial had fled to the shades, without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided, and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on

the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the philosopher made a grab at the nearest bookshelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it, when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation of surprise which I have ever seen, he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said; "I was looking it out in — in —"

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed; and with a heightened colour and a sudden change of manner he turned quickly to me and said, "My child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called "a noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not even answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The poor little "noble woman" was in danger, and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which were looking into mine for comfort; but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must — in fact may hear the worst."

While he was speaking, I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped, no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London doctors entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician, cheerily, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She never was in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer or more healthy child. Good morning."

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings. Here was I stirred to the depth, well nigh moved to tears, by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad that it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I would not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked, sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me: "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she is so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman." I remarked; he received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I, suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room, you were engaged in prayer." His colour certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired with an appearance of deference, "whether you were addressing yourself to the Personal First Cause, or to the Unknowable — but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the Universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered still with studied moderation, "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake," cried he, bursting into excitement, "stop your jargon! Nothing shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the tip of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions, I knew I should end by admitting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said, simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a paean with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I betook myself to my teat full of pleasant thoughts.

From The Economist.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S MINISTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Ministry still exists, but in a very short time it must cease to do so. It has become a provisional Government; its successor is already designated. There is nothing premature in endeavouring to estimate it, for its history is, in substance, ended.

On such a matter it is not possible to be impartial; the coolest bystanders are part of their age, and their judgment is perturbed by the atmosphere of sentiment in which they live. But being as impartial as we can, our judgment is that the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone has had a better combination of great Ministers than any Ministry since the first Reform Act. Some administrations have surpassed it in this or that particular, but, upon the whole, it has done the most and been the best.

Most Governments since 1832 have been deficient in the essence of a government—power. They have not been backed by a sufficient majority to enable them to do what they liked; sometimes they have not had a majority at all; generally they have had only a "working majority," as it is called—a majority, that is, enough to enable them to transact the common work of Parliament, but not enough to enable them to enact their own ideas or to propose large reforms adverse to great interests. There have, indeed, been only two Governments of immense power since 1832. The first is the Whig Government which followed the Reform Act of that time; and that was no doubt a Government which achieved much, and which has a great name in history. But Mr. Disraeli long ago pointed out its defect: it was not "presided over by a guiding and original mind." Lord Grey belonged to a past period; he represented a great tradition, but he was not a great reality. When he passed the Reform Act his special work was almost done. Lord Althorp was a country gentleman of strong character, but he had no great abilities, and had no taste for office, and wished, as he said, that he was "back among his pheasants and his fowling-piece." The influence of Lord Russell, defective as it was, did not begin to predominate till the omnipotence of the Whigs was passed; before he ruled, the Conservative reaction of those years had begun. In consequence the efforts of the Whig Cabinet of 1832 wanted effect and unity; they were often most excellent, but they were never so

impressive as they ought to have been, and they are now most insufficiently borne in mind because they did not emanate from, and were not associated with, a single mind of vast vigour and ability. The commanding element in life and history is a great person. One Napoleon is worth fifty common generals; he can do far more, and what he does will be infinitely better remembered. No Cabinet can effectually rule this country if it is a Cabinet only—if it is not itself ruled by a great Prime Minister. The element of greatness nobody will deny to Mr. Gladstone's Government. Any time this five years it has been easy to hear almost every kind of criticism on Mr. Gladstone; it is particularly easy now when everybody is finding out that they have always been Conservatives. But no one ever hinted that on a great subject, and when his mind was made up, he did not carry his Cabinet before him, and penetrate their whole policy with his peculiar personality.

The only other Government of similar power since 1832 is that of Sir Robert Peel, which succeeded the election of 1841. This Government was followed by a great majority, and ruled by a great Prime Minister; but it was utterly weak in another way—it had no characteristic measures, and is now known by uncharacteristic measures. It was elected to maintain Protection, and it abolished Protection; to maintain the Corn Laws, and it abolished the Corn Laws. Except the Bank Act of 1844, which is an outlying matter, the Government of Sir Robert Peel is known only by its recantations. A first-rate Government embodies in acts and laws the principle of a pre-conceived policy, but Sir Robert Peel's Government abandoned its own previous policy and adopted that of its adversaries.

In this respect the Government of Mr. Gladstone is indisputably superior. It has, as everybody admits, been faithful to the principles which it announced. A single mistake in the Education Act is the sole exception which can even be fancied. The Government entered office with a list of congenial measures, and it passed these and others.

The result of our comparison therefore is that the administration of Mr. Gladstone is much superior to all others since 1832, save two, in force and power; and that to one of these two it is superior in possessing a suitable great man, and to the other in having passed suitable great



measures. When posterity compares the two, it will probably say that Mr. Gladstone is not by several degrees so great an administrator as Sir R. Peel, but that he is by at least as many degrees a greater orator. To equal or rival Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches we must go farther back, to those of Pitt, and the remains of Pitt's speeches are too fragmentary to enable us to say what was their merit in comparison. Neither Sir Robert Peel nor Mr. Gladstone can of course be put in the first order of statesmen; both their careers have one fatal fault: they were converted assailants—they ended by enacting what they began by opposing. But Mr. Gladstone has been far more fortunate. Sir Robert Peel, by changes of opinion, twice destroyed his party and Government; but Mr. Gladstone has never destroyed either, and lived to enact his truest and best ideas with the approbation of our strongest recent party and the aid of our strongest recent Government. But in another respect Sir Robert Peel was far happier. He left a school of able and attached political pupils; but, whether from difference of time or character, Mr. Gladstone will leave none. When he retires there will be no Gladstonite, though there were Peelites for so many years.

Of the other members of the Government we have so often said so much that we need now say very little. The world, we believe, has been unjust to Mr. Lowe. He was not a great Chancellor of the Exchequer, neither his previous studies nor his former life had prepared him for a Finance Minister, and he suffered from physical defects great enough to be a serious obstacle to a highly trained mind. But he showed, as he always shows, strong character and great abilities, and the so-called scandals, amid which he left the Exchequer, were at the worst slight errors, of which all Ministers commit many. But no Minister equals Mr. Lowe in the art of advertising his blunders, and of irritating those who can take advantage of them. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Cardwell, though at first sight no one would think them much fit to administer the army and navy, have in fact administered them so well that it will puzzle the Conservatives excessively to find for them suitable successors. We own that of late Mr. Forster has disappointed us; he has shown an obstinacy in adhering to the *ipsissima verba* of the Education Act which the principles of religious education did not require, and which

now gives Mr. Disraeli a great advantage that he has begun to use. But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Forster has passed by far the most efficacious Education Act we have ever seen in England, and his massive common sense has made a deep impression through the country. As for the enterprising foreign policy with which we are threatened, we should be much frightened if we thought that we should ever see it. But we do not think so. If Lord Derby is the next Foreign Secretary, he will act much as Lord Granville has acted. He will not probably have so fine a tact, but he will decide from the same anxiety to be sound and the same dislike to be showy, which have made Lord Granville successful. Our foreign policy will go on in its recent path, and we do not believe that it is possible at present to find a better one.

But, it will be asked, if Mr. Gladstone's is so good a Government, why does not the country wish to keep it? We answer that, though a good Government, it has not the particular species of goodness which the public for the moment want. It is in its nature an active and innovating Government, and the country just now wishes a passive and non-innovating Government. There is no great change for which the country is now prepared, and therefore it fears a Government which will propose changes, and desires a Government which will oppose them. Mr. Gladstone's Government fails, notwithstanding its merits, because those merits are unsuited to its place and time.

In this respect, and in this respect almost alone, Mr. Gladstone has been much less fortunate than Sir Robert Peel. He has left on the country the impression that he was the minister of a party. There are many persons who imagine that he has a settled desire to keep the Liberals in office at any price and any hazard. They believe that he will accept any measure which the extreme Liberals require as the price of their support, and will impose it on the rest of the Liberals and on the country. How false this idea is can be best learned by talking to the extreme Liberals. They, on the other hand, say that Mr. Gladstone "has lost their confidence; that he believes all manner of superstition; that he is the worst of Conservatives—a Conservative in disguise." But the world has incurably received the contrary impression; it thinks that Mr. Gladstone is ready for any changes, however violent—nay, that he prefers them even when they are most



violent. This is probably the price which an eager orator must pay for his fire and vivacity. He sweeps away a hundred obstacles by his intensity and his eloquence, but he imparts inevitably the notion that he is incapable of calm and moderation. This first impression is clearly wrong; many vehement orators have been very deficient in decision and determination.

But it has been Mr. Gladstone's misfortune to spread it through England, and it is one of the most powerful causes that have contributed to his fall. Time passes on and brings a thousand changes; but unless past experience is a bad guide, it will be many years before we see a ministry of so much power and so much mind again.

MR. J. F. GARDNER, geographer to Prof. Hayden's survey, in giving a short sketch of the method adopted by him to determine the altitude of the various points occupied by the party in the Rocky Mountains, states that the experience of the surveys of California and of the fortieth parallel show that in the determination of the altitude of any point a mercurial barometer is liable to an error varying from 150 to 300 feet, even when the base barometer is at the foot of the peak, and only 3000 feet below the summit. In connection with Professor Whitney (chief of the California Survey), the following plan was adopted for correcting the errors of barometrical work. Four points were chosen at successive levels of from one to 14,000 feet. These stations were carefully connected by levellings with a spirit level, and were occupied as permanent meteorological stations. The observations taken by field parties are classified according to their heights, and each class is referred to the base station which is nearest its own elevation; the lower station being Denver, the fourth the summit of Mount Lincoln (14,000 feet), where are a number of silver mines worked by Captain Breese. The central position of this peak admirably fits it for the base of reference. Besides the barometric determination of heights, two connected systems of trigonometric levelling have been carried over the whole area surveyed, and the check observations are so arranged that the probable error can be easily determined, and it is hoped that the system will prove accurate enough to throw some light on the amount of refraction at great elevations. By these methods the altitudes of many high points have been determined, from which to construct a map in contours 200 vertical feet apart, on a scale of two miles to one inch.

THE Naples correspondent of the *Times*, writing on Jan. 25, states that Prof. Palmieri has just published the following letter in an-

swer to the numerous applications sent to him for information:—"The activity of Vesuvius continues to increase in the crater towards the N. E. Frequent globes of smoke issue from the bottom of it, with a kind of hissing sound, accompanied by an unpleasant odour of chloridic and sulphuric acids. Not far from it, at the commencement of the grand fissure of 1872, alkaline sublimates make their appearance. Meanwhile the fire does not yet show greater activity at the bottom of the crater, where it will probably manifest itself, unless some eccentric eruption should occur before the internal resistance of this crater is overcome. The great subterranean energy now at work does, indeed, appear to be making an attempt at an outlet in various parts. On the 21st inst. a slight undulatory shock of earthquake was felt at Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, and during the last week many have heard the low continuous mutterings of the mountain at a distance of 15 miles. As I write, however, the sismograph, which has been very agitated for some days, is more quiet." He also reports the melancholy death at Casamicciola of Mr. Moggridge, who having bathed in the open sea, died on his road to the hotel.

UTILIZATION OF THE TIDES.—MR. C. R. Huxley, writing to the *Globe* with reference to utilization of the tides as a motive power for machinery, says a plan is about to be submitted to the Government which illustrates the availability of water as a motive power for all standing machinery, whether for dockyards, arsenals, rivers—in fact, wherever water is within reach. It is calculated that this invention will save the Government £200,000 in fuel alone, and throw into the market, for domestic use, coal in such quantity as to reduce the price of this costly luxury to one half its present figure, and cheapen considerably most articles of manufacture.